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MOSQUITOES.





MADAME WADDINGTON.

*Photo by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.*

## THE LATE M. WADDINGTON.

France has lost another good man and true in the person of William Henry Waddington, who died on Saturday evening. He had just failed to get himself elected Senator for the Aisne, and this is supposed to have had a deadly effect on his already broken health. M. Waddington, who was born in 1826, was the son of an English stocking-maker, who had become naturalised in France. He was educated, however, at Rugby, under Dr. Arnold, and at Trinity College, Cambridge. He was a Protestant, he married an American lady, Miss King, and he was French Ambassador at the Court of St. James from 1883 to 1893. All these facts went to colour the charge made against him in some quarters in France that he was too English. He entered political life with zest in 1865, but it was not until 1870 that he was sent (by the Aisne) to the National Assembly, with a preference for Constitutional Monarchy, though Thiers was not long in converting him to Republicanism, and gave him the post of Minister of Public Instruction, where he did notable work. He afterwards widened his diplomatic experience as Minister of Foreign Affairs, as President of the Council, as French Plenipotentiary at the Berlin Congress in 1878, and finally as Ambassador to the Court of St. James. In this country he made his mark. So far from being an Anglomaniac, it is said that all Secretaries of State for Foreign Affairs with whom he had to deal found him so unbending as to make them wish that a born Frenchman were in his place. "A Frenchman could have often yielded; M. Waddington never could afford to do so, because he was born and looked English." In private life M. Waddington was a man of the highest culture. His favourite studies in early life were such out-of-the-way subjects as epigraphy and numismatics, and in later life he kept abreast of all the intellectual movements of the time. The death of no French subject, perhaps, will be heard with such profound regret in this country as that of the late Ambassador at the Court of St. James.



THE LATE M. WADDINGTON.

*Photo by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.*

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CINDERELLA GOING TO THE BALL.

"Dance and be happy, O Cinderella,  
But beware if you disobey,

For you will discover, O Cinderella,  
All your fine feathers will fly away."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.



## THE PANORAMA OF THE WEEK.

**Tuesday.** "The year which has just drawn to a close has been remarkable as one of the most peaceable and prosperous which have passed within the century." Difficult as it may be to believe, this is how the *Times* to-day described Ireland in 1893.—Lord Randolph Churchill denounces Bimetallism to a correspondent as "a mischievous heresy."—A dinner in commemoration of the literary jubilee of Maurus Jókai was held by London Hungarians in the Holborn Restaurant to-night. The chairman, Mr. Francis Stockinger (the Austro-Hungarian Consul-General), spoke of Jókai as the Hungarian Dickens. Mr. Zangwill was one of the guests of the evening.—Where shall the Shaftesbury fountain go? Mr. W. Woodward, at the Society of Architects to-night, said it should be placed in Trafalgar Square, which he would otherwise alter in a remarkable way.—Mr. John S. Sargent, Mr. Frank Bramley, artists, and Mr. Frampton, sculptor, were admitted Associates of the Royal Academy. Mr. Sargent is the first Franco-American ever made an A.R.A.—The "King of Coiners" was sentenced at the Central Criminal Court to fourteen years' penal servitude for a return to his old tricks.—The deaths of three eminent nonagenarians are announced: Benedict Randhartinger, a schoolfellow of Schubert and the "Nestor of Austrian musicians," at the age of ninety-two; of Professor Forchhammer, of Kiel, a great archaeologist, at the age of ninety-one; and of M. Pierre van Beneden, of Louvain University, an authority on whales, at the age of ninety-three.—The Grand Duke of Hesse, son of the late Princess Alice, was formally betrothed at Coburg this evening to his cousin, Princess Victoria Melita, second daughter of Duke Alfred of Coburg.

**Wednesday.** An extraordinary affair occurred in Old Jewry this morning, when a gentleman named Lindus called at the office of a solicitor, Mr. Jacobs, who was giving an interview to Mrs. Lindus, and shot them both. The wounds are dangerous.—As the ancient loving cup of the Kidderminster Corporation has lately been said to be the original sacramental cup of the Kidderminster Parish Church, Lord Dudley to-day agreed to present another cup for the civic banquets.—The proprietor of the Stort Navigation Canal, at the Canal Rates Inquiry to-day, said that the canal, which cost £80,000 in the time of George III., was bought by him for £100.—Two Italian organ-grinders appealed to the Ramsgate County Court Judge to-day as to the share of their earnings, which, it was stated, often amounted to £1 per day, and never less than seven shillings.—The Berlin is the name of the new twin-screw steamer launched this morning at Hull for the Harwich and Hook of Holland traffic of the Great Eastern Railway Company.—The Zierenbergs were charged at Bow Street to-day, at the instance of Mr. Labouchere, with committing perjury in the recent libel action which they brought against the editor of *Truth*, and which cost him between £4000 and £5000.—The case for the prosecution against C. B. Harness came to an end to-day at Marlborough Street Police Court.—The Anarchist Vaillant was sentenced to death at the Seine Assize Court to-day for the bomb outrage in the Chamber of Deputies.

**Thursday.** Mrs. Thackeray, the wife of the great novelist, died to-day at Leigh, Essex, at the age of seventy-five. Born in Java, she married Thackeray in 1836, when she was just eighteen. Four years later, the birth of her youngest daughter was followed by an illness which affected her mind, and she never recovered.—The Duke of Cambridge presided at a public meeting at the Horse Guards to-day, at which it was resolved to erect a memorial to the late Sir Andrew Clark, and that a fund should be devoted to some object at the London Hospital.—The polling for the Horncastle division of Lincolnshire took place.—"Sowing the Wind" attained its one-hundredth consecutive representation at the Comedy Theatre.—At the marriage of Mr. Mornington Cannon, the well-known jockey, at the Parish Church of St. Mary Abbott's, Kensington, the bridesmaids wore white Directoire coats with scarlet waistcoats, and carried large scarlet-and-white bouquets, the colours of Mr. Tom Cannon, the bridegroom's father.—Peter Shonfield, the last survivor of the old Bow Street "runners," was buried to-day. He was eighty-five years old.—The Law Courts resumed their sittings after the Christmas vacation. The notorious Mrs. Thompson appeared early on the scene, and entered the Court of Appeal, where she stigmatised Lord Justice Lopes, who sat on the bench, as "an old villain."—A machinist confessed at the South-Western Police Court to having wilfully smothered her mother this morning with a pillow.—A banker named Carlsben, who has died at Copenhagen, bore an extraordinary resemblance to the Czar, and added to the illusion by growing a beard like his imperial model. One day he awoke with the fixed idea that he was Alexander III., and he died in an asylum under this delusion.

**Friday.** Horncastle has taken unto itself another Conservative in the person of Lord Willoughby de Eresby, who has beaten Mr. H. J. Torr by 838 votes.—A memorial signed by ninety-four Radical M.P.'s in favour of a "democratic Budget," advocating graduated death duties, progressive graduation of the income tax, and abandonment or modification of the policy of grants in aid of local and municipal revenues was handed to the Chancellor of the Exchequer to-night.—Professor Sidgwick addressed the University Hall Guild to-night on "Luxury," the prospects of which, he argued, made men work. His particular defence of luxury was that inequality in the distribution of superfluous commodities was to some extent indispensable to the social function of promoting culture, which meant the enlargement of our conception of what might be made of human life.—"Feathered

Women; or, the Extermination of Birds," was the title of a paper by Miss Edith Carrington, read in her absence by the secretary, at the Humanitarian League. A birdless world would mean an uninhabitable one, through the host of small enemies that would arise.—Mr. H. H. Johnston, the British Commissioner in Nyassaland, along with a detachment of Sikhs and two gunboats, routed Makanjera, the slave-holding chief, on the north-east shore of Lake Nyassa.—A fort has been established on the site of Makanjera's capital.—M. Challemlacour was re-elected President of the Senate.

**Saturday.** The news of the massacre of Major Wilson's party by the Matabele is confirmed to-day. A native who has arrived at Bulawayo was present at the attack on the British force. Every member of the party, thirty-four in all, fought a fearful fight, but was ultimately killed and stripped. Major Wilson was once a bank clerk at Aberdeen.—A Cardiff steamer, the *Allonby*, has been lost in the Bay of Biscay with eleven of her crew.—Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone left Charing Cross this morning for Biarritz.—A pianoforte-maker was committed for trial at the Marlborough Street Police Court to-day for smashing a jeweller's window in Piccadilly last night, shouting "Long live Anarchy!"—The largest proportion of deaths from starvation in London last year occurred in Westminster, of all places.—Mrs. Baker, who illegally operated on a lady correspondent, was sentenced to three years' penal servitude.—It transpires that the woman who confessed yesterday to having smothered her mother is suffering from a hallucination.—Monson asked the Queen's Bench Division to restrain the Tussauds (both of London and Birmingham) from exhibiting wax models of him. The action raises the question, Does a man own the copyright of his features? Monson was advertised to lecture at Morrit's entertainment at Princes' Hall, Piccadilly, this afternoon, but did not turn up.

**Sunday.** An express goods train running between Liverpool and London was wrecked on the Midland Railway near Leicester this morning through one of the wagons being thrown off the line by a roll of newspaper web having fallen under the wheels. Twenty-one wagons were smashed.—Damage by fire to the extent of £70,000 was done to the manufactory where the well-known Thorley's food for cattle is made, in Caledonian Road.—In to-day's *Sun*, Mr. T. P. O'Connor has some trenchant remarks on "the tyranny of the young person," *à propos* of the recent adulation of Zola in this country and the ruin and death of his publisher, Mr. Vizetelly. The "young person," he says, is the final Court of Appeal in our fiction, with the result that we have "one of the insincerest and one of the most artificial—nay, and I must add, in some respects, one of the impurest schools of novel in the world. Let the young person be guarded, if so it must be, by the She Dragon of English respectability; but, in Heaven's name, let us, who, alas! are not young persons, have some audience in the courts of literature."—The first of the series of Sunday evening debates organised by Mr. Grein was given to-night at the Opéra Comique Theatre, Mr. Stepniak dealing with the Russian drama. Mr. William Archer, who presided, said the debates were intended in some way "to mitigate the horrors of the English Sunday."

**Monday.** It was reported to-day that the Mohammedans have been causing fresh troubles in Uganda, and severe fighting had taken place between them and the Protestants. Peace, however, had been restored.—The coal-owners and miners met to-day in the Westminster Palace Hotel to jointly consider the rules for the guidance of the Conciliation Board and the wages of the men after Feb. 1.—Mr. Gladstone had an excellent journey to Biarritz.—A violent Anarchist outbreak has occurred near Carrara.—It is reported from Brazil that Admiral de Mello is ill with fever.

**LYCEUM THEATRE.**—Sole Lessee, MR. HENRY IRVING.

TWICE DAILY, at 1.30 and 7.30.

MR. OSCAR BARRETT'S FAIRY PANTOMIME,

CINDERELLA.

Written by Mr. Horace Lennard.

"The very prettiest fairy play seen in the memory of the oldest playgoer."—Daily Telegraph.

Box-office open 10 to 5. Seats secured by letter or telegram. Mr. Joseph Hurst, Acting Manager.

**HAYMARKET THEATRE.**—MR. TREE, Sole Lessee and Manager.

LAST NIGHT of CAPTAIN SWIFT, TO-NIGHT, at 8.30. Preceded at 8 by SIX PERSONS.

TO-MORROW (Thursday) the new play by Robert Buchanan,

THE CHARLATAN.

Mr. Tree, Messrs. Fred Terry, Nutcombe Gould, F. Kerr, C. Allan, Holman Clark, Miss Lily Hanbury, Mrs. E. H. Brooke, Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Miss Gertrude Kingston, and Mrs. Tree.

Box-office (Mr. Leverton) 10 till 5.

HAYMARKET.

**DALY'S THEATRE,** Leicester Square.—MR. AUGUSTIN DALY'S COMPANY.

EVERY NIGHT at 8, in Shakspeare's

TWELFTH NIGHT.

MISS ADA REHAN AS VIOLA.

"A companion picture to her *Rosalind* and her *Katherine*."—*Times*.

"Miss Rehan's *Viola* is the best work she has yet done."—*Pall Mall*.

"This enchanting comedy has never been given to the present generation with such harmony and good taste."—*Telegraph*.

MATINEES OF TWELFTH NIGHT, Saturday next, Jan. 20, Saturday, Jan. 27, and Saturday, Feb. 3, at 2 o'clock. Box-office daily, 9 to 5. Seats also at all Libraries.

**C O N S T A N T I N O P L E . O L Y M P I A**

TWICE DAILY, 12 noon and 6 p.m.

MAGNIFICENT SPECTACLE. 2000 Performers, Gigantic Scenic Effects, Marvellous Dances, Exciting Sports, Grand Slave Ballet by Real Negresses, Magnificent Water Carnivals, &c., &c. Marvellous Replica of Constantinople, Magnificent Palaces and Mosques, Fleets of Real Turkish Cruisers, Waters of the Bosphorus, Marvellous Subterranean Lake and Hall of One Thousand and One Columns, Illuminated Fairy Palaces, Astounding Tableaux of Arabian Nights.

Admission everywhere, including Reserved Seat for Grand Spectacle, 1s., 2s., 3s., 4s., and 5s. Private Boxes, £3 3s. No extra charges. Seats from 3s. booked at all Box-offices and at Olympia.





MISS ELLALINE TERRISS AS CINDERELLA, AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE.  
DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.



## RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

## LAST WEEK'S PARIS.

It is rumoured that Mr. James Lowther will be asked to once more become a steward of the Jockey Club when the Earl of Durham's term of office expires. Mr. Lowther is a bachelor, and he takes the liveliest interest in racing. As the Conservatives are out of power, I should say he could well devote the time required to do justice to a stewardship. Mr. Lowther does not bet, but races for the love of the sport. He has entered all his old horses for the spring handicaps, and it is hoped that such as Workington and Houndsditch will be seen to the fore when flat racing commences. Mr. Lowther has up to now managed the horses belonging to the Marquis of Zetland, but these are to be trained in the north of England for the future, and I expect Enoch will have a few to train for Lord Houghton, the Viceroy of Ireland. Mr. Lowther is an unassuming man, rather given to reserve on the racecourse, but he has a keen eye for all that goes on around him. He is much liked by the jockeys, and he does not hesitate to patronise any rider who happens to be down on his luck. Should Mr. Lowther return to power, he might further a scheme for the protection of our racecourses, although I am sorry to hear he is dead against a body of Jockey Club Police being started. Mr. Lowther entertains largely for the Yorkshire meetings. He hunts frequently in the north, and also holds the appointment of Master of the Isle of Thanet Harriers. His name will be writ large in Turf history, he having presided over the Chetwynd v. Durham arbitration case, in which he showed splendid tact and a legal acumen worthy the Law Courts where the hearing took place.

Lord Orkney has entered an aged horse named Rouser for the Grand National, and I shall be glad to see his Lordship's colours in the van. Lady Orkney, who will long be remembered as Miss Connie Gilchrist, is very fond of horses and hunting, and I am sure she would be delighted to see her husband riding the winner of the cross-country Blue Riband. This his Lordship might well do, as he rides to hounds as straight as the crow flies, and he has had a good experience in the Duke of Beaufort's country, which I myself found twenty years ago was not by any means an easy one, especially in the district of the Avon valley.

Mr. Joe Stoddart, the owner of Red Rube, was formerly a sporting reporter at Manchester, and I always found him a most energetic, painstaking man. Strange to say, he confined his attentions entirely to football, cricket, and kindred sports, but had nothing to do with racing. He edited an athletic paper, which did not catch on, and then the idea came to him to remove to London and start a weekly racing paper. His funds had run low, but, nevertheless, the paper was started, and it soon became an immense success, so much so, in fact, that Mr. Stoddart, in addition to buying several horses, expended over £10,000 in the purchase of a freehold plot in Fleet Street.

Those whose duty it is to chronicle little matters connected with racing and racing men hear some funny stories at times. Only the other day I was told of an owner who was actually trying to sell the family vault in a certain church in the south of England, and now I am told that a well-known ex-racing official, who would be recognised by many of the owners of our day, is the superintendent of a cemetery. And this reminds me of the churchwardens in the Midlands who suggested that a Sunday collection should be put on a certain horse for the Grand National, with a view to liquidating a debt on the building fund. The proposition was not agreed to, and luckily, too, as the horse, which was looked upon in the light of a certainty, jumped out of the course before going once round.

It will be necessary, sooner or later, to introduce laws to govern starting prices. At present great dissatisfaction exists among backers and layers alike, and I have heard that many of the large men intend to give up laying at starting-price away from the course. Some of the leviathan agencies in existence for working starting-price snips are full of enterprise. When Tyrant won the Chester Cup he was backed away to win £7000, not a penny of which found its way to the ring. I have, however, heard of a smarter bit of business than this. A certain bookmaker owned a horse, and ran him at a little meeting against sixteen others. Everyone thought the animal would start an even-money chance, but the horse's owner commenced by offering 3 to 1 against the animal, and he laid this price to all comers right up to the fall of the flag. Backers did not like the appearance of things, and were not eager to accept the odds. The horse won easily, and was returned at 3 to 1 against in the sporting papers. The owner laid this to £150 on the course, but he had himself invested £600 away!

At the Manchester and Liverpool clubs they do not bet "S.P.," but lay prices right out, and make a little fortune at times over non-starters, as "Allin, run or not," is the principle in vogue among northern bookmakers. Of course, the layers have to employ very smart touts on the course, and the men of observation communicate with their patrons by means of wonderful codes, which embrace everything that is likely to happen. Some of the touts earn good incomes. I know of one whose income is quite £100 per week during the flat-race season. Out of this sum he has to pay the wages and travelling expenses of three assistants; indeed, his outgoing amounts to quite £40 per week, as he has to put on small sums at times for certain people who give him information.

We have had a long week of delicious skating everywhere until to-day (11th), when the frost has almost quite disappeared. Every day the Grand Lac in the Bois was crowded by joyous crowds, quite ninety per cent. of whom were expert skaters, and at the more select Cercle des Patineurs it was an extremely pretty sight to see the many really beautiful women, dressed for the most part by Félix, Doucet, Paquin, and Rouff, darting and skimming along the dark green expanse of ice, thoroughly enjoying the healthy exercise. Lady Dufferin was generally admired by all for her graceful movements, cutting the most difficult figures with apparently the utmost ease. Her American daughter-in-law, Lady Terence Blackwood, was struggling along pluckily in the first efforts of a beginner, but she amply made up in looks what she lacked in *patinage*. Mrs. Greger, another of Columbia's fairest daughters, was magnificent in unrivalled sables. Mrs. Eustis, wife of the United States Ambassador, and her daughter preferred to sit comfortably in *traineaux*, to push which there was always a good supply of cavaliers on hand. The Princesse de Chimay and the Duchesse de Morny (the latter a South American beauty, *née* Gusman-Blanco, and a rich heiress) always seem to put all the other pretty women in the background somehow, so lovely are they both. Lady Berkeley Paget, Mrs. Moore, Mr. Augustus Jay, the Princesse de Tarente, Mrs. E. Digby, and many others were among the most faithful and energetic attenders every day.

The event of the week has been the civil marriage of Mdle. Marie Thérèse de Luyne to the Duc d'Uzès, at the Mairie, Rue de Grenelle. By this marriage two of the greatest families of France will be united once more. Naturally, from the high position of the parties, the wedding presents are more than usually brilliant.

By a singular coincidence, the commune of Colmesnil-Manneville, near Dieppe, registered neither birth, death, nor marriage during the year 1893.

The first masked ball at the Opéra was, as usual, a great success; but the event of the evening, unfortunately, fell flat. This was a prize of 300 francs, to be awarded to the prettiest woman who offered herself before the judges. Thirty-five fair ones competed, but the judges were so puzzled that the prize was not awarded. I suppose the sum was deemed much too small by disdainful real beauties. Had it been made louis instead of francs, there would have been no lack of truly pretty ones, surely.

The Pôle Nord has been the scene of a dispute between two young men, well known in the American colony. The son of M. Raphaël Bischoffsheim was sitting quietly at a table, when he was greatly, and naturally enough, annoyed by young Mr. Mackay, son of the "Bonanza King," who repeatedly called out to him, "*Juif! Petit Juif!*" Mr. Bischoffsheim soon lost patience, and a regular boxing match was the immediate consequence, to the delight of the masculine onlookers, and it was some time before the authorities could separate the two adversaries.

Anarchist Vaillant has been sentenced to death, the jury failing to find any extenuating circumstances. The prisoner, in reply to the query by the judge as to whether he had anything to say about the sentence, promptly replied, "*Vive l'Anarchie!*" The capital sentence has given great satisfaction to everybody, who feel that a dangerous and inhuman rascal, as Vaillant has proved himself to be, is much better out of existence, for the safety of hundreds of others, besides the example it will prove to other Anarchists.

A most curious case has been occupying the Divorce Court for some days past and exciting the greatest interest generally. Over twenty years ago Baron de Courcelles married, to the grief and anger of his family, a pretty girl out of a glove-shop in the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin. They afterwards lived very quietly at his country-house at Villereau, and there a daughter was born. In 1887 the Baron died, leaving his entire fortune to his wife on the condition that she didn't re-marry. A little while afterwards, M. Impens appeared at the château, and people at first thought that Madame de Courcelles was going to renounce her fortune and marry him; but it soon became apparent that it was the daughter whom he wanted to marry, and armed with the mother's consent, and accompanied by her, he proposed in person to Mdle. Courcelles at her convent, but was refused by the young lady, who, however, changed her mind two years afterwards, and married M. Impens. The mother and daughter and son-in-law continued to live together at Villereau, until Madame Impens suddenly disappeared, and, protected by her father's family, who had always hated her mother, she began a divorce for cruelty, alleging that her husband struck her after four months of marriage, and that it was a known fact that he had been a former lover of Madame de Courcelles, and had continued so even after the marriage. She also accused her mother of trying to poison her, and declared that her father was poisoned by Madame de Courcelles, and several other incredible things—together, it appeared that there had never been such a poor, unhappy, ill-used girl before in this world. However, when the evidence had been given on both sides, it turned out that there was no truth in the charges against her husband, M. Impens, or her mother, and that, far from being ill-used, Madame Impens was a person whom it was quite impossible to live with, and she was charitably supposed to be a little deficient in brain-power. Her appeal, therefore, was dismissed.

MIMOSA.







## NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

"Morocco Bound" seems emulous of the brook, but I am sorry that one woman has gone—Miss Letty Lind: she to her admirers is irreplaceable. Nevertheless, despite her departure, the popular piece runs gaily at its new home—the Trafalgar Theatre—and seems likely to stay there for a long time. To compensate for the loss of the Lind, in her way as charming as the famous Miss Jenny Lind, the Fisher-Farkoa duettists, and Miss Dorothy Hanbury, the child vocalist, have joined the Bounders, and if applause be test of merit their work is excellent. Moreover, most of the original members remain, among them Messrs. J. L. Shine and Charles Danby, two towers of strength, while the popular old Savoyard, Mr. Richard Temple, makes a capital Sultan of Morocco. It appears that one of my old friends, the swans, has been grumbling at the weather, and complaining of the change of abode; indeed, Bill, who is very advanced, has been asking for compensation for disturbance. However, his gentle companion, who is more reasonable, merely expresses her joy that there is not a "frost" in the theatre as well as without, and is thankful to keep off the river during winter.

One does not require two eyes to appreciate the beauty of "Twelfth Night," one of the most delightful, if least astounding, of the plays of the mighty master. Yet, strange to say, it is on record that the public never or rarely gives it a long run; nevertheless, I think and hope it will fill Mr. Daly's theatre as long as he chooses to play it. It is, indeed, difficult to fancy anything more charming than the play. The dramatist, in a kindly humour, presents to us a set of creatures dainty, fascinating, and comic, who harbour no ill among them. No trace of a villain; none, indeed, of a person who has any real evil: even Malvolio, despite his malignant name, has a touch of cousinship to Don Quixote that makes us pardon him. When we see him on the stage, we have laughter or something like tears, according to the actor's manner; while in the library one has the sentiments consecutively, and even, indeed, simultaneously.

Of course, the main matter is the Viola. It is not a difficult part. I have seen Miss Carlisle in it, and she, though not of the elect, was charming; nor do I think any actress of serious ability could really fail in it. Memory serves me not for the performance when Miss Kate Terry was delightful as both girl and boy, and poor Miss Nelly Farren made a dainty clown; but I have remembrance of Miss Adelaide Neilson, whom, alas! the gods loved, and we all have a corner in our hearts wherein is stored the recollection of Miss Ellen Terry. Of course, Miss Ada Rehan can hold her own even in such proud company. She, the Chrysostom of English actresses, the golden-mouthed, was irresistible.

That Olivia, the lady whose affections are somewhat like Captain Cuttle's "portable property," should have fallen in love with Cesario was the most natural thing in the world, for when you see the boy in the delicate green costume that harmonises perfectly with the golden hair, and listen to the voice, it is fatal to your peace of mind, unless, like most of the critics, you are a married man. One thing I must protest against, and that is the intrusion of the music. The melody of Shakspeare's verse and the music of Miss Rehan's voice in the "She never told her love" are sufficient for the most exquisite hedonist, and to add an orchestral accompaniment is "gilding refined gold," and gilding it, moreover, with pinchbeck.

There is other matter for complaint in this music. Can it be endured that the Duke—the prototype of our friend Sir Willoughby Patterne, "The Egoist"—when he comes serenading with his mixed chorus, should present "Who is Sylvia?" as homage to *Olivia*? One might as well sing, "Oh, 'Lizer!" in honour of Margaret, or "My Pretty Jane" to flatter Kate. What would Schubert, who caught the feeling of

Shakspeare's lovely lyrics more perfectly than any other composer, have felt at hearing his beautiful setting deranged for guitars, and losing the fine bass movement in the accompaniment?

Putting aside Miss Rehan, one cannot, perhaps, find matter for enthusiasm in the production, but it is so far passable that she renders it delightful. The acting, on the whole, is colourless, and discretion is the highest virtue of the company. The one least discreet, but cleverest and most successful, was Miss Catherine Lewis as Maria; her indiscretion consists of an ugly trick, which she has already shown in other parts, of occasionally speaking with undue exuberance. It mars a very fine feeling for broad humour. I should like to see Mr. James Lewis as Sir Andrew Aguecheek, in which he should be as good as Mr. Harry Paulton, the best I can remember—Sir Toby's part hardly suits him. Mr. Gresham's Sir Andrew was clever, yet had a flavour of insincerity. As to the others—well, one can at least thank them for the support they give the delightful Miss Rehan.



MISS REHAN AS VIOLA.

"What country, friends, is this?"

Photo by Sarony, New York.

While watching a play a yearning to cross-examine the author sometimes springs up in the critic's breast. Rarely is this so strong as in the case of "An Old Jew." I should like to ask Mr. Sydney Grundy why the title, and why the race and creed of the chief character? Do you pretend that the play requires him to be Hebrew—that it is in the least degree affected by his race or creed, that his conduct and feelings have any flavour peculiar to the Israelite? If not, is the title not a mere catchpenny device? Then I would turn to the club scenes. Do you not know that, except to those who are aware of the truth and need no information, these scenes are calculated to convey an utterly untrue and grossly unjust view of our dramatic criticism?

I think that the author would find some of these questions embarrassing, and one or two might come home to Mr. John Hare. He, indeed, unlike Mr. Grundy, has not the excuse of a grievance against some of us, but simply of pure malevolence puts forward this attack on those who have befriended him. However, it may be a matter of little moment. The truth is, after all, far greater than a Grundy who knows so little of her. Nevertheless, it is vexing to see a powerful company thrown away on the task of trying to give life to a play so utterly false to life.

Who cares to see Mr. John Hare, an actor unique in his line, pretending that he, a Jew, after finding that his Gentile wife had broken the Seventh Commandment, thought it right that the guilty woman should bring up his daughter without any supervision on his part? Who feels sympathy with the man of such distorted ideas that he feels it justifiable

to force his wife to live in constant breach of the last Commandment save one? Moreover, the fortunes of a youth who, when taken as guest to a club and treated with great civility, chooses, because he rightly thinks the members a low lot, to publicly insult them are not very attractive.

However, one must be just even in speaking of a very unjust play, and, therefore, admit that some very smart writing is to be found in "An Old Jew," and that the author contrives some purely conventional *coup de théâtre* effectively. It may be a clumsy, lifeless work, but there are some pretty moments and interesting minutes to be discovered in it.

The acting is admirable in almost every case. A better Julius Sterne than Mr. Hare could not well be found, though he gave no Jewish flavour to his manner; yet it were possible to do so. After him are many who deserve praise: Mrs. Theodore Wright and Miss Kate Rorke, who made much of little, and yet forced nothing; Mr. Robb Harwood, who hit off perfectly the old actor that has become the club bore; Mr. Scott Buist, in whom one saw a fine image of a certain class of ambitious journalists; and Mr. de Lange, who was set to denounce some of the leading principles of the class of drama that he generally supports. On the whole, it is a very able company wasted on a clever, utterly unsatisfactory play.

MONOCLE.



## SMALL TALK.

The Queen returns to Windsor from Osborne the third week in February, and her Majesty will then reside at the Castle until she starts for Florence on March 19, except for a three-days' visit to Buckingham Palace, early in March, when a Drawing Room is to be held, at which her Majesty will receive the Diplomatic Corps. The Queen has been very well all the winter, and is now in excellent health. Every morning she has been out in the park at Osborne, where there is a private drive of over six miles, and the afternoons have been given up to longer excursions. The Queen has also been taking warm sea-baths, and they have greatly benefited the rheumatism in the knee from which her Majesty has suffered for so many years. According to present arrangements, the Queen is to travel from Windsor to Portsmouth Dockyard on the afternoon of Monday, March 19, dining and sleeping on board the royal yacht Victoria and Albert, which will be moored in the harbour for the night. The following day the Queen crosses to Cherbourg, and will proceed by special train direct to Florence, travelling by the Mont Cenis route to Turin, and thence via Genoa, Spezia, and Pisa. The royal party are to arrive at Florence on Thursday, the 22nd, where they will remain until the end of April at the Villa Fabbriotti, Fiesole. Her Majesty returns home through Germany, and it is her present intention to stay for a few days with the Duke and Duchess of Coburg.

There are to be two State balls and two State concerts at Buckingham Palace this season, and the Queen has decided that they are all to take place during the month of June.

The betrothal of the Grand Duke of Hesse to the second daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Coburg is regarded with much satisfaction by his English relatives. The Grand Duke, who is in his twenty-sixth year, was for some time in very delicate health, but is now much stronger. The marriage is to take place at an early date, for in the event of anything happening to the Duke there would be all sorts of complications about the succession, as both his uncles have contracted morganatic marriages.

The usual offerings of gold, signifying Christ's royalty, of frankincense, his divinity, and of myrrh, his sorrows, were duly made at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, on Twelfth Day, the Feast of Epiphany, or, as I believe it is still commonly called in Spain, the Feast of the Kings. "The monarch of this country himself personally offers on the altar the gold, the frankincense, and the myrrh," says a writer in times long syne; but this personal offering, with its gorgeous procession of the Knights of the Garter, the Thistle, and the Bath, all arrayed in their collars and orders, has been discontinued ever since the mental ailments of the third George prevented that virtuous monarch from conforming to the custom of his predecessors. The ceremony, though shorn of its ancient glories, is still far from uninteresting, and is well worth seeing by such as reverence ancient observances.

Should the Greek bondholders succeed in extracting a promise of payment from the somewhat impecunious Greek Government, by how much will their position be substantially improved? Their case, it appears to me, is not unlike that of the imaginary creditor in the anecdote of the School Board scholar and the inspector. Said the latter, "If your father owed you a hundred pounds, and promised to repay the debt by instalments of two pounds a week, how much would he be indebted to you at the end of eight months?" To which the former glibly answered, "A hundred pounds, Sir." "A hundred pounds? What do you mean?" cried the outraged inspector. "You don't know arithmetic." "You don't know my father, Sir," was the quiet reply. Now, the question is, Do the unfortunate Greek bondholders know the Greeks?

The title of a popular novel is "Hogan, M.P." Curiously enough, there is a member of Parliament of this name. Mr. J. F. Hogan is a Colonial as well as an Irish M.P. Most of his life has been passed in Australia, where he was in the service of the Education Department of Victoria, and subsequently on the staff of the *Melbourne Argus*.

He was also an extensive contributor to the *Melbourne Punch* and *Sydney Daily Telegraph*. The *Melbourne Review* and the *Victorian Review* also contained articles from his pen. He has resided in London since 1887, and has published the following books: "The Irish in Australia,"



Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

MR. J. F. HOGAN, M.P.

"The Australian in London," "The Lost Explorer," "The Convict King," "Robert Lowe, Viscount Sherbrooke," and "An Australian Christmas Collection." Mr. Hogan is thirty-seven, a bachelor, a Catholic, an Anti-Parnellite, and an Imperial Federationist. He has lately been instrumental in forming a "Colonial Party" in the House of Commons.

An absurdly apposite incident occurred to Count Tolstoi the other day while his last play, "The Fruit of Enlightenment," was in rehearsal by some smart young members of the Aristocratic Club in Tula. Tolstoi being in the town, a deputation of the Aristocrats waited on him to ask if he would attend their dress rehearsal that evening, a request to which the Count willingly acceded. He appeared in good time, and seemed pleased with everything except the action of one young noble, who had to masquerade as a servant and drive some peasants off the stage. "My friend, why so gentle?" said the illustrious man of letters. "You should shoulder your mujiks off the stage as the doorkeeper below did me just now." To a volley of questions the Count replied with his adventure. It appears that the worthy hall-porter of the Aristocratic had orders to admit none but Count Tolstoi after a certain hour, and, refusing to believe that so exalted a personage would arrive on foot and in a sheepskin surtout, had promptly kicked the great novelist down stairs for trying to effect an entrance.

The Robin Dinner Fund, as some of my readers may know, is for poor children, and those who care to increase it may do so with pleasure to themselves by attending the Royalty Theatre to-morrow afternoon, where a distinguished company of amateurs will give "Pygmalion and Galatea" and Mr. Grundy's one-act play, "In Honour Bound." Mrs. Dashwood, who has recently delighted large audiences at Richmond and Surbiton by her charming impersonation of Galatea, will reappear in that part, with Mr. Dawson Milward, of the Irving Dramatic Club, as Pygmalion, and they will be assisted by Colonel O'Callaghan, R.A., Major Talbot Davenport, and Miss Moody. On Tuesday week Mr. Glossop Such gives his fifth dramatic performance in aid of the Home of Rest for Horses at St. George's Hall. "Hamlet" is to be produced.

Santa Claus, at the East End, last week, was impersonated, on behalf of the readers of the *Pall Mall Gazette* and *Budget*, by Mr. Harry Cust, M.P., who welcomed ten thousand little ones to a Christmas treat in Charrington's Assembly Hall. The entertainment was, like a fashionable bazaar, spread over three days, and was a splendid success. The children were uproariously happy, and thoroughly enjoyed the good things which were provided by the generosity of the readers of the *Pall Mall*. We can afford to encourage a rivalry between newspapers if it take the form of collecting money to brighten the lives of waifs and strays.

## THE PALL MALL GAZETTE & BUDGET

### CHRISTMAS TREE



10,000 Little Children  
of East London  
at Charrington's Assembly Hall  
271 Mile End Road, E.

on  
Wednesday Thursday & Friday Nights  
Jan. 10<sup>th</sup> 11<sup>th</sup> & 12<sup>th</sup> 1894.

at 6 o'clock sharp

Train to Aldgate by District or Metropolitan line from or bus.

Who invents those strange stories of rich folks offering fabulous sums of money to other folks presumably not rich, if only these latter will perform some extraordinary, and, above all, absolutely useless, feat? The question is suggested by my reading—not, I think, for the first time—of a certain Russian princess whose mortal remains repose in a chapel in Père Lachaise, who left a million francs to any person who would watch for a year and a day beside her tomb, never speaking, never leaving the spot, and engaging in no occupation save that of reading such books as might be conned by the light that burned at the head of the coffin. The story was obviously an invention, yet persons from all parts of the civilised world wrote and offered themselves as candidates, much to the worry and annoyance of the cemetery authorities. I remember, some twenty years ago, it was seriously rumoured in London that the proprietor of the tower on the summit of Leith Hill was willing to give £1000 to anyone who would immure him or herself in that solitary spot under somewhat similar conditions. What purpose was to be achieved, what value the said proprietor was to get for his thousand, was not included in the rumour. A friend of mine of somewhat eccentric tastes wrote, however, to the proprietor and offered himself as a prisoner. The reply was courteous but curt, and seemed to imply that my friend was a lunatic himself, or that he thought the owner of the Leith Hill tower one. And so my friend dropped the notion of writing a great book or a great play—I forget which—in the Surrey solitudes, and went off to India to interview Mahatmas instead.

The Right Hon. Jesse Collings, M.P., whom "Grip" has here depicted in the familiar attitude of tearing his passion to tatters, was born nearly sixty-three years ago in Devonshire. He migrated to Birmingham, and became the head of a firm of merchants there, filling many useful positions in the city. He was Mayor of Birmingham 1878-79, and the next year aspired to Parliamentary honours as the representative of Ipswich. He has been in the House of Commons ever since, latterly sitting as Liberal-Unionist Member for the Bordesley division of Birmingham. Mr. Collings in time past was a prominent worker in the cause of education as well as in politics. He is a member of the Labour Commission. His name is usually coupled with the growing demand for "three acres and a cow." It was on a resolution of his that Lord Salisbury's first Government was defeated. He has since seemed to regard this fact as the most momentous crisis of the Queen's reign. Mr. Collings has a great acquaintance with municipal life, which has led him more than once to address the Speaker of the House of Commons as "Mr. Mayor." He has not succeeded in winning general goodwill at St. Stephen's, owing to his lack of appreciation for humour and a propensity to speak on many subjects of which he is not a master. He yields to none in his admiration for Mr. Chamberlain, but is understood to regard the Prime Minister as an over-estimated man. He was appointed a Privy Councillor in 1892, and his kindly face and silvery locks would not be alien to the House of Peers. He is fond of music.

It is what Mr. Mantalini would call a "demmed uncomfortable" feeling to think that the world, according to Professor Falb's very newest discovery, must come to an end in 1899. Nor is this all. The year on which we have just entered is to be, according to this discouraging scientist, rich in calamitous occasions of atmosphere. Storms to shake our tight little island to its centre and other terrestrial disturbances are to be expected on Feb. 20, March 21, May 5, April 6, Aug. 30, and Sept. 29. So now, at least, we shall know on what days it will be wise to avoid picnics. As for Nov. 13, 1899, on which day of wrath the earth is to come into collision with a comet and get the worst of it, it will be well to take the statement with a grain of salt until we are obliged to swallow it whole.

Seldom have I spent so disappointing an evening as at the Colonial Institute last week, when Miss Flora L. Shaw read a paper entitled "The Australian Outlook." There was a large audience in the Whitehall Rooms to hear the lady whose letters on colonial matters as special commissioner of the *Times* have attracted much attention. A large map of Australasia hung on the wall, reminding one of a schoolroom, but no reference was made to it. The chairman, Sir Frederick Young, introduced Miss Shaw in a speech of glowing, if somewhat halting, eulogy. He mentioned that she was the first lady who had read a paper before the Institute, and claimed that her contribution might "almost be said to be the most striking which had ever been added to the records of the Institute." If this is the case, I pity the poverty of its records. Miss Shaw read in a clear, plaintive voice certain didactic platitudes on Australia—the result of a brief visit on behalf of the *Times*, in whose columns most of what she said had previously appeared. She did not propose to enter into "vexed questions of the public debt, the borrowing policy, the railway administration, the Parliamentary or tariff reform"; details of the Kanaka question lay outside her subject, she assured us. I wondered what remained to be discussed *à propos* of "The Australian Outlook." I will give some of the strikingly original ideas which apparently astonished the audience, to whom, I should imagine, a School Board examination in geography would have been a "poser."

Miss Shaw drew applause by stating "the wealth of the continent is simply prodigious." Another remark was, "Her true wealth lies in the common earth." A final sentence, which needed Miss Shaw's voice to make it possible, was, "In dealing with the developments of the future the word finality has no place." I am sorry to say that there was, in my opinion, not a single statement or deduction which had the merit of originality; but possibly the many representatives of the Colonies who flattered Miss Shaw with undeserved compliments would have been shocked by originality.

It is all very well for ever finding fault with the Thames Conservancy. The Thames is about as well conserved as it can be, considering the funds forthcoming. Where is the money to come from in the way of tolls, when there is no legitimate business traffic on the river that lasts all the year round? The Thames, in some respects, has died out—I mean as a business highway. Has not Morland given us a picture or two of the hooded Thames fruit-boats that used to come down for Chelsea or Covent Garden? Well, it matters not about being so very economic—at any rate, the new lock will make matters better. How well I remember that St. Margaret's Parade that now looks so dingy! You may not know that Lord Wolsley lived on the St. Margaret's estate after the Red River business, that so did Charles Mathews, that the widow of Sam Slick dwelt close by, and that my Lords Ranelagh and Kilmorey, most eccentric of noble creatures, used to march up and down there and sniff the breeze from the mud; and there, too, have I met Marston, the actor, and Rassam, the Abyssinian, and Coghlan, who played Robertson's pieces. And, do you know, too, St. Margaret's was once the property of Queen Elizabeth's Essex, and that it came to Lord Bacon, and that, as a boy, I have dug up Jacobean tobacco-pipes out of the loam.

The Academy, on the whole, were wisely advised in their choice last week of three Associates. It was necessary that one of these should be a sculptor, and for some not altogether inexplicable reason the elections of sculptors are not attended with the same eagerness as those of painters. In electing Mr. Frampton to the coveted post, the Academicians, however, fulfilled an obvious and natural requisition. Mr. Frampton's work has, particularly of late years, come forward prominently at Academic gatherings, and the fact that he holds that prominent position precisely at the time of an election may be regarded as sufficient justification for the choice. The elections of the two painters we regard with complete satisfaction. It is with an insight and, let it be said, an abnegation that do the Academy much credit that Mr. John Sargent was selected for the distinction of Associate. It is true that, of all outsiders speaking the English tongue, perhaps no painter deserved the honour more certainly; but that is not in any Academic election to be regarded as the exact reason why he should get it. Mr. Sargent is anything but Academic. Following, at first, in the footsteps of M. Carolus Duran, he has not fallen below the best of his master's technique, and has developed a strong and sometimes overwhelming personality of his own. His "La Carmencita" must always rank among the greatest pictures among quite modern paintings. It was more natural that Mr. Frank Bramley should secure the honours of Associateship, yet we are scarcely less pleased with his success than with Mr. Sargent's. Ever since Mr. Bramley revealed his singular powers both of high technical qualities and of intense drama in the picture purchased by the Chantrey trustees, "The Hopeless Dawn," his progress has been a fact to mark and appreciate. He is the second painter of the Newlyn school who has burst the Academic portals, and the fact augurs well for the future.

The vaccination mania has approached, if not accomplished, the ridiculous in Paris, where enthusiasts have gone so far as to seize a well-known "medico," member of a certain club, and invite him to operate on them then and there. I am much amused to hear that another doctor has been so much disgusted with his colleague's action in turning the smoking-room of the said *Cercle* into an operating theatre as to have tendered his resignation, which the committee have accepted.



THE RIGHT HON. JESSE COLLINGS, M.P.

The Gaiety Girl has become one of our theatrical institutions, but, needless to say, her *personnel* is always changing. One of the most recent additions to the company is Miss Nita Clavering, who has been engaged by Mr. George Edwardes for three years, and her appearance in a principal part of the next Gaiety production, for which songs are being specially written for her, will be watched with interest. As a merry little maid at school (in Boulogne) Miss Clavering took part in several little plays, but she prefers to date her serious start in life to her taking, at the age of fifteen or sixteen, the soprano solos in Mendelssohn's "Gallia." She sought to gain confidence by appearing at small concerts, penny readings, and the like, and the Press notices on one occasion were so flattering as to procure her several concert engagements. She then entered for a scholarship at the East London School of Music. Her application was too late, but Mr. Sumpter, the Principal, was so pleased with her voice that he offered her free tuition, which Miss Clavering



Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

MISS NITA CLAVERING.

enjoyed for two years, when she went up to the London Academy of Music as gold medallist. Her first real chance as an operatic singer came almost by accident. The *prima donna* who was to have played the part of Ruth in Mr. Lawrence Kellie's three-act opera, "Banditti," at the last moment found herself unable to do so, and Miss Clavering was substituted. She had just a week to prepare, but she made a decided hit. She then played in several operettas at concerts, but it was not until a year ago that she took to the stage in earnest. Mr. Carte engaged her as understudy to Miss Lucile Hill as Dorothy Vernon in "Haddon Hall." Then she was engaged by Mr. De Lara and played Brown in "A Stage Coach," Lillian Trueblue in "A Capital Joke," Miss Dixey and Lady Gooseberry in "On Tour," while she followed Miss Decima Moore as Clairette in "Madame Angot," recently revived at the Criterion Theatre. Miss Clavering is still under the tuition of a clever young musician, Mr. Henry Russell, jun.

The winter sales have begun. Four happy weeks is the liberal measure allotted for rummaging and remnants by the tradespeople, and during that time what incongruous wreckage is foregathered by the enthusiastic bargain-buyer! "What do you want it for?" I heard a disgusted husband ask his wife lately, when called upon to pay for a long piece of bright green silk of that aggressive shade which never would settle down comfortably with any other colour. "My dear, it is so cheap," she pleaded, "I really cannot resist it." The said silk is laid by in a drawer, I may mention, and will probably remain there; but its moral might be laid to heart by every woman who is seized with the desire of what she does not want because it is cheap.

## "TIGHTS" AND THEIR WEARERS.

"So you want to know something about theatrical costumes, do you?" said a well-known theatrical costumier—as he prefers to be called—the other day. "Well, I've no objection to tell you anything I can, and will show you anything you want to see in our line of business."

I am an interviewer who likes to let his victims talk, and so at first I asked very few questions.

"I have been in the trade a good many years longer than this business has been open. Previous to that I had been for at least eight years in the same line in Paris, as partner in a firm which has for years costumed most of the chief *café-concert* stars and leading theatrical folk in the 'Gay Capital.'

"Our specialty is 'tights,' although we can turn out an actress or a ballet from head ornaments to boots when required. You would scarcely credit how awfully particular some women are about them. The materials we use are wool, wool and silk, wool and cotton, cotton, cotton and silk, and silk—this last of various qualities, the finer the more expensive, of course. We use wool and cotton chiefly for the 'tights' worn by acrobats and the back rows of the ballet. The difference in the price between these and the filmy silk affairs we make for *premieres*, *figurantes*, and the leading skirt dancers, is very considerable, I assure you. The difference in thickness and weight, too, is remarkable. These," taking up apparently a pair of very long semi-detached stockings of a somewhat brilliant tone of pink, "are made of cotton, and are intended for a girl who does a 'turn' on the trapeze in a well-known provincial circus. They cost rather less than a sovereign a pair, and weigh about 12 oz. to 13 oz. They are comparatively thick as 'tights' go, and are being strengthened with a double thickness in the fork and on the inside and outside of the knees."

"Are they a trouble to get on?" I asked.

"Well, not much, these, they'll stand a good deal of pulling—it isn't as if they were silk, you see. Now, it's a different matter altogether with a pair like these," taking up a pale mauve, snaky-looking article, "which are for one of the girls in 'Morocco Bound,' who, by-the-way, has one of the best figures I have ever met with, and are made of the finest silk. They only weigh a matter of 7 oz., and, indeed, she could scarcely wear them except under the loose trousers. When she tried them on you could see her skin through them. The price of a pair like these is often as much as £4 to £5 10s. As you say, they'd take some putting on, and might be done for the first night, or last for a couple of months with care. They are ticklish things, I can assure you, to get into. 'And when they're on, what are they?' as I once heard a scene-shifter say.

"Fads? I should just think the women have; though I must say that amateurs are far and away more faddy than ladies of the profession. These amateurs are a real nuisance, and I say it though they are good customers in a sense. First of all, they generally expect you to keep their exact fit, which, as every figure differs a good deal more than anyone not knowing would suppose, is absurd, of course. We keep stock for emergencies, and often can, with a few stitches, alter a pair so that it's a pretty satisfactory fit. But we can seldom fit an amateur in this way, because usually she will not have danced sufficiently to have developed the muscles, for which we always make due allowance. Amateurs make a great deal of bother, as they very frequently object to the close and accurate measuring absolutely necessary to ensure a fit, and often, when the 'tights' are sent home, they complain that they don't suit them, or fit badly, which in nine cases out of ten simply means that they want padding. Some of the thinnest and most natural coloured goods we have made have been for society women and girls, who try and compensate for their 'tights' transparency by wearing an extra lot of lace underthings. I can tell you some of these lady amateurs are pretty 'frisky,' and I think that most people would think some of my young lady customers rather 'rapid' if they knew that about twenty of them have formed a dancing society, where they are diligently practising, in addition to the ordinary skirt dances, the *cancan*, and other steps of the Moulin Rouge order.

"Many of the leading dancers, especially the American and French ones, have colours which they adopt. There is one English dancer who always wears white 'tights,' another who prefers black. A French *café-chantant* 'star' we used to make for always wore olive-green, and she knew what she was about, as—though black is good, making the limbs look small and delicate—I don't think there's a better colour than olive-green for bringing out the curves of the limbs to perfection. Another, an American dancer of some repute, always wears sky-blue."

"How about the measuring and making?" I inquired.

"Oh, the former's easy enough. You see this book? Well, we have most accurate measurements here of all our past and present customers. Thus, X Z—waist, 23; hips, 38½; thigh, 15¼, 15; calf, 11; ankle, 6½; and so on and so on. And that brings me to another matter. Sometimes we are of assistance to the police. Only the other day, on reading the description of a mark on the knee of a young woman 'found drowned,' I was able to identify her as a ballet-girl named —, who had been one of our customers. In Paris we had models of the parts of the body clothed by the 'tights' of all the leading *danseuses* and acrobats, so that we could make a pair for any of them with absolute certainty of fit at almost a moment's notice—just as some of the swell dressmakers have a 'block' of their regular customers' figures for fitting on, &c.

"Of course there are numerous other departments in our business, but those we will leave for another day, as I'm rather busy just now."



## FEMININE FENCERS.

When the Marquis of Castlejordan heard that a daughter had been born unto him he cruelly met the calamity by telling his wife that she had thrown away a whole season's hunting for nothing. When she bore other two daughters the poor lady came to think that she had lived

life of a cage-bird. While in summer girls have tennis, croquet, rowing, and riding, winter deprives them of all except an occasional dance, or a less occasional skate, for they may not play football, like their brothers. Now, fencing lacks the disadvantages of rowing, which exercises chiefly the flexor muscles, or of jumping and acrobatic exercises, which develop chiefly the extensors; it brings all the muscles into action, and the body is developed symmetrically. It trains the hand, the feet—and what girl



TAKING A REST.

her life in vain, and forthwith sought to revenge herself on fate by dressing her girls as boys and rearing them by masculine methods. Some people who witnessed this set forth in "The Amazons"—they were not at all like the ladies who recently appeared at the Oxford—may have shaken their heads in sorrow, but Mr. Pinero finds at least one supporter in Herr Hartl, of Vienna, who writes enthusiastically on "Damenfechten." There is a great deal to be said on behalf of fencing as a pastime for ladies, especially in winter, the objections coming chiefly from such people—happily growing smaller and smaller—as limit what is "lady-like" to a certain kind of chirping, which Olive Schreiner likens to the

doesn't like nice feet?—and the eye, and keeps the body in good condition. For a long time the art has been taught in the Conservatorium in Vienna, and schools have risen all over the Continent. Herr Hartl advocates the use of the French method of fencing and the French foil. The costume consists of an ordinary blouse dress, a light paper mask, and gloves, while in the study of the higher forms of the art tights are preferable, both costumes being illustrated in these pages. Pretty and picturesque, they may compensate in the eyes of old-fashioned folk—who still linger with us—for the apparent unsexing character of the exercise, which has, at least, common sense, if not convention, on its side.



A SURE HAND.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Dr. Garnett has collected his poems, and Messrs. Mathews and Lane have issued them in one volume. Dr. Garnett has many friends and admirers who will be grateful to him for the deed. The poems are so hopeful, so generous, and so catholic in spirit that they inspire none but wholesome and none but friendly thoughts. The beautiful "Io in Egypt" and "Nausicaa" and the others on classical subjects, which Dr. Garnett treats very successfully, are here, of course, but they should not be quoted except in entirety. To tempt new readers, or entice old ones back again, the lyrics are more convenient, though even from them one can only give suggestive snatches in our limited space. Readers can hardly go astray in this volume, but new ones, anxious to taste quickly, might turn to the simple verses, full of meaning, called "More," to the rondel beginning—

When lingering Love belate came,  
And found the willing spirit young,

and to "The Island of Shadows." The shadows are looked forward to as bringing rest and shade, not gloom, by the eager voyager—

I step into the boat: our steady prore  
Furrows the still moonlight;  
The sea is merry with our plashing oar,  
With our quick rudder white.  
No word has passed thy lips, but yet I know  
Well where our course will be;  
We leave the worn-out world—is it not so?  
The uncorrupted sea,  
To cross . . .

Truth is seldom better than fiction, but when it is it has a special relish of its own. None of Mr. Christie Murray's capital stories will be read with more interest than his experiment in autobiography, "The Making of a Novelist" (Chatto). There are many good ways of writing autobiography, and there is no royal road to the art, but there is certainly novelty in Mr. Murray's method.

The biography of a man of letters turns generally on schools, on books, on literary coteries, on struggles with publishers, on public recognition or neglect, and rightly so, for these make up the main facts of the world to those of a certain temperament. But Mr. Christie Murray knows that these have counted for little in his art. He thinks that he writes as he does mainly because he had the talent of adventure and gave his talent opportunities, and that his literary career is best told in unliterary episodes.

He has written, however, but a selection—only a few scattered chapters from a changeful life. As reporter, outwitting the famous Forbes, as recruit in an Irish regiment, as casual tramp in search of Poor Law experience, special correspondent in Turkey, actor in the Colonies and in London, he gathered the material for his tales. The book gives one a stirring sense of life and vigour. It is interesting from first to last, candid, frank, and modest. But the best thing about it is the impression it leaves on you, that while the adventures have been freely used for copy, they were not undertaken for its sake.

The compilation of "The Poets' Praise," by Mrs. Davenport Adams (Stock), has been, we are told, a labour of love. We can believe it. To have lived so long as the compilation of such a substantial volume would entail, in the company of poets in a mood to praise their neighbours, must have been pleasant indeed. The collection is a delightful one, only it makes too big a book to hold conveniently in your hand. It will be a mine of elegant quotations for writers on any poet whatsoever, from Homer to Philip James Bailey. Mrs. Davenport Adams in her preface recommends its usefulness to public speakers, on what ground it is difficult to say.

It is a reason for some happiness that the minor poets of our own and other days have been given such additional chances of immortality by their brother bards as are instanced here. Yet it is doubtful if one of our living singers will be gratified by this sole stanza, for which Mr. Buchanan is responsible, standing under his name—

Dear Roden Noel, round whose throat  
Byron's loose collar still is worn,  
Now tunes his song to one clear note,  
Divinely gentle and forlorn.

Another anthology of a kindred sort is Mr. Gleeson White's "Book Song," also published by Mr. Elliot Stock. The idea embodied in the collection, the poets' love of books, occurred to two minds simultaneously, and so a friendly arrangement was come to, Mr. Roberts taking the older poets and Mr. White the new ones. It is a pity the work should have been divided, for to give the modern collection a respectable bulk a good deal of very inferior verse has been admitted.

Mr. Gleeson White makes the best of the situation, and defends his admissions on the score that "It is not unfit that the ephemeral trifles of the hour should enjoy their brief share of applause. It is, however, a doubtful kindness to the ephemeral triflers to force them to seek applause a second time before the curtain. There is much to delight in this pretty volume; Mr. White has probably omitted none of the good modern English and American verse on books and bibliomania, but Mr. John Kendrick Bangs's naïve confidences and Mr. Irving Browne's atrocious puns should have been left in their harmless obscurity.—o. o.

## BADMINTON ECHOES.

BY "BUGLE."

To Driving  
Men.

The bringing out of the excellent Kipling pole, which bids fair to challenge the attention of all who work with double harness, reminds me that I had meant to say a word or two in this place on the subject of collars and traces; for while I was in Russia I went pretty thoroughly into the rationale of the plan they have there, and I do not hesitate to say we might adopt it with great advantage. Everyone knows the big hoop that stands high up over the withers of a Russian horse in sleigh or droski, and almost everyone here considers it purely ornamental, or a thing to hang bells upon. I know they do, for they always say so. But it is nothing of the sort. It is a sensible, practical element in the harness, and a great comfort to the horse. Lashed to the end of the shafts on either side, it acts as a spring, which, when the work is on the collar, keeps the shafts, and with them the traces, from pressing against the horse's body; for in Russia, the trace, as we use it, is unknown. What they do have is a trace outside the shaft and attached to the ends of the axle, which projects outside the box of the wheel. So that instead of the motion of the carriage tending, as with us, to throw the wheels out of gear, and to wear the wheel inside and out unevenly, the strain is applied at such a point that the pull on the wheel is all but direct. I think this deserves the consideration of English coachbuilders.

Queer Shots.

I wish I had kept careful records of the cases which come under one's notice from time to time of various birds and animals being killed by accident. It was brought across me again the other day by the following: I fired at and killed a woodcock as it crossed, flying very low, an open spot among some fir-trees. As I went to pick it up, I noticed a considerable flapping going on in the heather beyond, and discovered that it was caused by a dying cock-pheasant. My shot had struck the bird where it was squatting on the ground. I can vouch for the following: Two relatives of mine, as boys home for the holidays, were amusing themselves with bows and arrows in a stubble field. One of them shouted out, "Let's see how high it will go straight up." He suited the action to the word; the arrow sped upwards and came to the earth again not many yards farther on. You may imagine the boy's astonishment, on going to retrieve his arrow, to find it sticking straight into the ground, transfixing a dying rat! Once only in my life have I seen a woodcock and a snipe killed right and left, and once only have I had the chance of doing it myself, and then I missed the snipe. And the story of Chantrey's woodcocks—both killed at one shot, and now, carved by his hand, gracing a mantelpiece at Holkham—is familiar to all. But for originality and quaintness nothing eclipses a case I once knew in Morocco, when we were out shooting wild pig, for on that occasion an old Moor shot at a pig and hit a donkey!

Fishing Cuts  
and Otters.

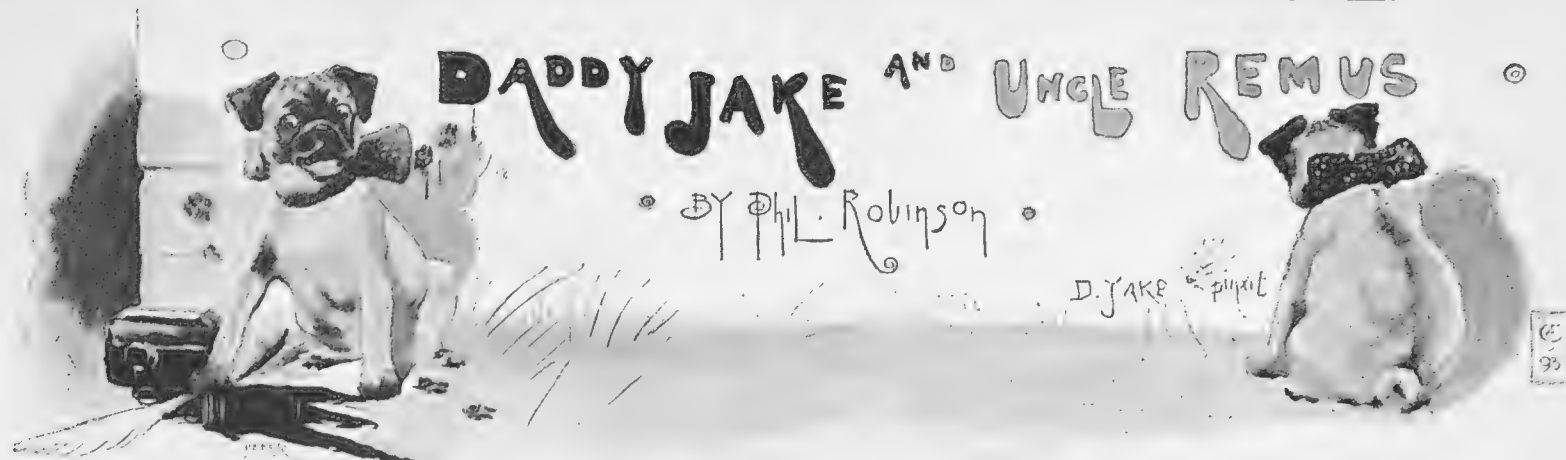
A short time ago I was walking by a burn that comes down from Big Cheviot, when I saw what I at first took to be a white rabbit, for it was too far away from the nearest hut for a suspicion of cat to cross my mind. Yet a cat it was, and it had been fishing, and I afterwards saw its wet tracks on the rock. As I came up it seized the remains of a very fair-sized trout, with the peculiar jealous growl of a disturbed cat, and bolted off into some bracken. Of course, one often hears of cats fishing, but, though I have known more than one take gold-fish, I don't know that I have ever before come across a wild fisher like this. The different ways in which the fishing animals proceed is very interesting. I do not suppose that a cat ever swims or dives after fish. No doubt, it simply lies low by the shallows till an unsuspecting fish comes near, and then, with a sudden sweep of its fore-feet, lifts it out. The otter, on the other hand, as far as my observation goes, seems to scent its prey from the bank, and then entering the water below the eel or fish swims noiselessly up stream upon it. The heron stands motionless in the water until the chance comes, and then with a lightning-stroke transfixes its prey and bears it wriggling away. The kingfisher drops down from some vantage point, catches its fish, and, with a touch-and-return movement, is back again on its perch. The pike seems to pursue two distinct tactics: sometimes lying motionless as a log and pouncing on a passer-by, and sometimes roving all around and charging right and left. Finally, the wood-owl skims over the water and snatches up a fish in its talons as it passes.

Dr. Nansen.

As I know Dr. Nansen personally, have talked with him over all the details of his voyage, and have before me plans of his intended course drawn by his own pencil, I may, perhaps, be allowed to warn those who are looking for news of him against lending much credence, for at least six months, to reports that are sure to appear from time to time in our papers. Even for those in the far north it is hard to get at the truth. For example, word was brought to the Governor of Archangel while I was there in October that the Fram had gone down with all hands. Tracked to its source, this was found to be based on the report of certain Samoyeds, who said that they had seen her off Yalmal, apparently "about to founder," in a heavy sea. As a matter of fact, now that any possible source of information—such as whalers, walrus-hunters, sealers, &c.—will be dormant till the end of May, how can any news possibly come? If Dr. Nansen was able to follow his intended plan, he is well, ere now, fast on or in the ice, and, if he is moving at all, drifting every moment farther from all touch of human life.



## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.



Daddy Jake and Uncle Remus were two pug puppies. Their bodies were very much alike. They had short, fat, crumpled legs, and curled tails that stuck tight to their backs, in a cocksure sort of way, when the world seemed gay, but which hung down limp under the chastening breath of adversity. Their faces were patterned with lines like the faces of Maoris, and their eyes were as the eyes of a Chinese idol. For the rest, they were stomach and soft skin, ever so many sizes too loose for them.

But their dispositions were very different. Daddy Jake was the younger of the two, and very enterprising. It was Daddy who found out first about the kitten's claws and told Remus. It was Daddy who discovered the frog in the ivy, and challenged it to mortal combat; but the frog jumped, and Daddy fled for dear life across the lawn, till he collided with a croquet hoop. He communicated his discovery to Remus, and neither of them went near the ivy again, except with the strictest military precautions. It was from Daddy's experiences that Remus learned how much easier it was to fall down off a box than get up on to it again, and also the lesson that, if you want to play with chickens, you must get the hen to play too. Perhaps it was pondering over Daddy's performances and their results that made Remus look so philosophical. His face had an aged expression on it, grave, and, apparently, full of thought; but whenever he was most thoughtful Remus used to go to sleep, and so they said that it was only the black wrinkles on his face that made him seem so wise, and that he looked contemplative merely because he could not help it. But these were the people who did not know all.

One beautiful day in May, Daddy Jake awoke first, and, having finished all the bread-and-milk in the plate, he waked up Uncle Remus by munching his tail and hind-legs. It always took a great deal to get Remus thoroughly awake; but if Daddy only munched his tail long enough it could be done at last. So Remus got up, yawned prodigiously, and then, after snuffing all round the empty plate, waddled off unsteadily, with his legs very far apart, after Daddy; for Daddy always went first, and just so far ahead that Remus, when he saw him fall into a hole or sniff at a bumble-bee on the clover, could sit down at a safe distance and watch Daddy repair damages. And so off they went, waddling along, one a yard behind the other, just to see what they should see, and as completely purposeless and as happy as any two puppies could possibly be.

Nobody saw them leave, and so they got out into the yard, a forbidden place, and full of delights, tiny dappled chickens and fluffy yellow ducklings, and Daddy for a minute had a prodigious time of it, for he valiantly chased all the chicks and the ducklings into their coops, till there was not one left to chase, and then he stood at his full height, with his tail very tightly curled, and proudly surveyed the emptied yard as, who should say, "Alone I did it." Then he smelt the savoury chicken meal scattered before the coops, and, made careless by his recent prowess, he must needs taste it. And lo! while thus busy, with his nose among the meal and his tail towards the coop, there suddenly descended upon him, upon the softest and fattest part of him, a vicious beak, and the dab that it gave him rolled the conqueror over and over in the meal and made him squeak. And Remus, sitting down a yard off, made a note of the sudden change in the situation for future reflection, and waddled off after Daddy, who, with tail out of curl and disreputable coat, was now disappearing through a hole in the trellis.

Emerging on the other side, Daddy was all himself again, for misfortune never routed his gaiety. The slings and arrows of affliction never depressed this light-hearted pup. Not so Remus. When he was once upset he was incontinent in his woe, and pitied himself for an hour together.

And so, through the shrubbery, where a sudden encounter with a blackbird, which flew up under his nose with a screech, startled Daddy for a moment out of his wits, they came out upon the lawn. There was nobody in sight, so away they waddled, Remus as faithfully following the obliquities of Daddy's erratic course as if his nose were steel and Daddy's tail a magnet. And the gardener had filled one of the beds with parrot tulips, and they were all in full bloom. Daddy drew Remus's attention to them, but Remus was dallying languidly with a daisy on



Tiny, the daughter of the house.

the lawn, so Daddy had the tulips all to himself, and, plunging into the ranks of the ordered flowers, had a tulip by the neck in a twinkling. And lo! once more from the blue descended a bolt, for Daddy had only given the tulip one good shaking, when out from among the roses came the gardener's "Shoo!" and a little lump of mould, dexterously thrown, which smote Daddy on the ribs with a resounding thump. Once more the small buccancer was in full flight, and once more, a yard behind him, sped along, bewildered but constant, the innocent Remus.

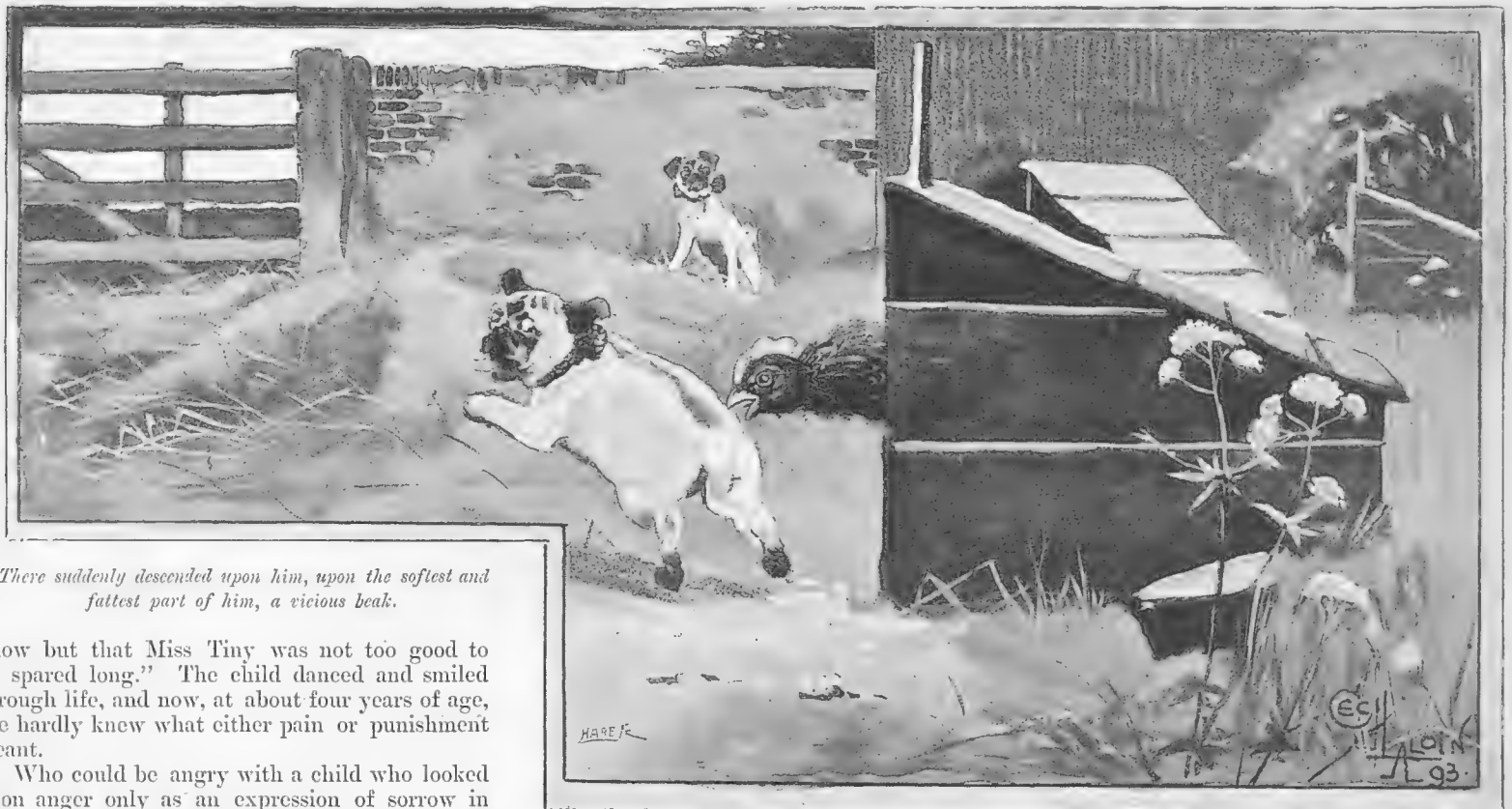
So far things had not gone well with Daddy, but then there came an interval of calm, as the two wandered alone in the orchard, reconnoitring mouse-holes, chasing butterflies along the path, and routing the robins and chaffinches that were busy feeding their young ones on the grass. What was wanting to make their bliss complete? They were on forbidden ground, and there was nobody to scold them, not even when they worried the wall-flowers and rolled about, in such mortal combats as puppies delight in, upon the beds of forget-me-nots that stood between the apple-trees.

And suddenly someone called out "Daddy!" Up they jumped, and, standing shoulder-deep in the blue, the puppies looked about, and, behold, who should it be but their own little mistress and playfellow, Tiny, the daughter of the house. The next minute the three were together, and then, indeed, was their bliss complete.

Tiny was one of the sweetest children that ever brightened a home. Her old nurse declared her "a born angel," called her "the Luck of the Hall," and confided to the housekeeper her apprehension that "she didn't

when the two separated each thought she was with the other, and so neither missed her. But her lunch time came, and there was no Tiny to be found to eat the soup that was taken up to the nursery, and great was the to-do. It was high noon, and the gardener's lad, seeing the sun straight above him and his shadow lying about his feet, leant his hoe against the fence and idled his way back to the shed in the upper yard, where at twelve o'clock all hands met for beer. And when he arrived no one was there, and the beer-can was not there, nor the men's jugs. But the next minute the groom passed, hurrying, and calling out as he went, "Have you seen Miss Tiny? She's lost!" But the gardener's lad had not seen her, so he sat down on the wheelbarrow and began to whistle. But all of a sudden he stopped whistling and jumped up. Seen her, no; but heard her, yes—and down by the pond, too! And the next minute he was off, clattering down the gravel path, bursting the garden gate open before him, and, reckless of the proprieties, rushing with hobnailed shoes across the sacred lawn. He saw his master, and cried out, "The pond! The pond!" and plunged into the shrubbery, out on the other side, down through the orchard and over the low rustic fence, and so to the water, and into it with a great splash. And in a minute he was on the bank again, with his arms full of lily leaves, and among them poor little Tiny, holding tight under one arm the body of Daddy Jake.

Then back again the gardener's lad, as fast as he can run, and the next instant Tiny is in her father's arms. "Quickly," says he, "brandy and hot blankets!" There, on a garden seat, out in the bright sunlight,



*There suddenly descended upon him, upon the softest and fattest part of him, a vicious beak.*

know but that Miss Tiny was not too good to be spared long." The child danced and smiled through life, and now, at about four years of age, she hardly knew what either pain or punishment meant.

Who could be angry with a child who looked upon anger only as an expression of sorrow in others, and hastened to console with the sweetest baby consolations those whom she had offended?—who, when reproved, thought only of assuaging the reprover's grief?—who, when scolded by her mother, only said, "Darling Mamma, don't be sorry," and cuddled all the closer to heal, if she could, the pain she had given?—who met reproaches with caresses, and who routed cross looks and turned sharp words into "Bless your little hearts" by addressing words of comfort to the aggrieved, and soothing the feelings she had ruffled by the touch of little baby hands and a cooing voice of sympathy? No one so rough about the place but he felt the child's influence for brightness, and when, on very rare occasions, the word went round that Miss Tiny was in disgrace all the affection of the household was in revolt. Nasty things were said about the governess, and everyone joined in a conspiracy of disloyalty against the authorities. The cook would deliberately add a special charm to the nursery pudding, and the housekeeper invite the small delinquent to feed her bullfinch—a special treat—the gardener would accidentally meet her with a posy of pansies, Tiny's favourite flower, and the coachman or the groom would happen to be near the stable as she passed, to let her sit on the horses' backs.

And here she was, on this beautiful day in May, radiant with health and happiness, in a part of the grounds she had never been in alone before, and with her own dear Daddy Jake and Uncle Remus as her companions and partners in illicit delights. The bliss of it! As for the puppies, they adored Tiny. It is true that she hoisted and swung them about unceremoniously by their loose skins, squeezed them dreadfully when she carried them, subjected them to counterfeit dosings without number, and otherwise made life inexplicable to them. But, on the other hand, Tiny meant endless romps and scraps of cake and lumps of sugar and extra "drops" of cream, and when Tiny went to sleep at noon Daddy and Remus slept on her bed—the softest and cosiest bed, they thought, in all the house.

Now, Tiny had gone out with her mother and the governess, and

Tiny lies, while her father with expert hands works hard to bring her back to the life she loved so well and to those who all loved her so. And swift of foot comes Cousin Arthur with another pair of skilful hands.

And there, on the garden seat, under the bright May sun, they fought Death for little Tiny's life—and they won the fight.

And the wee white body was wrapped in the warm blankets and carried up to her warm bed, and in an hour Tiny had awakened and gone to sleep, with her mother kneeling beside the bed, softly drying the flossy flaxen hair and weeping her heart away in gratitude to God.

And Cousin Arthur went and picked up poor little dead Daddy Jake and all the water-lily leaves, and then went and looked at the place of the accident. And there, on the bank, sat Uncle Remus, lifting up his voice in uttermost woe at the trouble that had fallen upon himself. He had followed behind Daddy so long, he could not go anywhere alone by himself, and, as Daddy had not come back, there was nothing for it but to sit on the edge of the pond and weep over what had happened.

Daddy saw a little duck asleep at the end of the duck-plank, and must needs go wake it up. And the duck cried "Quack!" so suddenly and loudly, and the plank was so slippery, that Daddy fell into the water, and Tiny went along the plank to fetch Daddy out, and fell in too.

And what happened afterwards neither Tiny nor Remus know; but Tiny says the last thing she heard was a duck say "Quack!"

And by-and-by they buried Daddy Jake, wrapped up in water-lily leaves, and the gardener's lad carried the box, and Tiny put pansies into the grave and tried to comfort Remus. And, somehow, nearly everyone in the house happened to come to the burying of Daddy Jake, and when they saw little Tiny standing there as chief mourner even the men were crying to think how nearly it might all have been so different.

And this is why I think that it is not only the wrinkles on his face that make Uncle Remus look so thoughtful and grave.

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## THE JAPANESE DANCING GIRL.

BY KILLINGWORTH HEDGES.

Japan has been termed "The Land of Flowers": to this should be added "and of the Dance," although the exercise differs from what our



TSUMA-KO, OF SHINBASHI.

and of a neutral colour. Seated alone on the floor, a female attendant hands her a small box in which are a number of masks; these are changed with lightning rapidity as, with varied tones, she recites some play, which, as a rule, contains topical allusions received with convulsive laughter, and are probably of a nature that would hardly be allowed in polite society here. A second piece may be given, in which more demonstration is required, such as an imitation of one of the popular actors. The "turn" is, however, soon concluded with the ever-recurring salutation to the company and the musicians, who strike in at times in a sort of "go-as-you-please" manner. Then Miss Tsuma-ko, of the Shinbashi quarter, seats herself between two of the more favoured guests, receiving their congratulations and drinking "saki," a warm, yellow, sleepy wine, which fills the veins with soft contentment, and, without producing intoxication, induces a blissful feeling which can be enjoyed without having to look forward to the consequences natural to over-indulgence in alcohol.

The geisha begins her career as a slave. She has been probably bought from poor parents under contract, by which her services may be claimed for so many years by her instructress. She is fed, clothed, and educated, but gets no salary until, perhaps, at the age of seventeen or eighteen, she has made her reputation, and is allowed to retain a portion of the fee which is given at the close of each entertainment. To offer money direct would be an insult, and the pretty custom has been for a long time the rule of supposing the present to be in flowers, and it is, in fact, termed "flower money." An envelope, gaudily decorated with floral emblems, is presented to each guest, who returns it sealed to the performer who has pleased him best, and she, with a slight acknowledgment, places it unopened in the pocket of her sleeve. The actual cost of the entertainment is added to the bill for the refreshments, and generally paid to the proprietor of the tea-house or inn. The geishas live apart from the rest of the people, two or three occupying one small house. As evening approaches, they either go to some room which acts as a rendezvous for the quarter, as well as a club where they meet and while away the time until their services are called for in rotation, and they are booked out by the caretaker of the establishment. They live happily together: jealousies which to our Western ideas appear natural in a community of the weaker sex are practically unknown, possibly because they understand the world in which their vocation lies, and smile on all alike, unless they find somebody able and willing to purchase their freedom. This is not an unknown occurrence; if they are then married no slur would be cast on their previous life: but the late hours and exposure to the often inclement weather tells on a great many, and if they die young they are buried with the special obsequies of their class; besides, a popular geisha will have her memory preserved by curious rites for some years after her decease.

Occidental habits have associated with the Terpsichorean muse. No Japanese dinner party is complete without the "geishas," or dancing girls, hired for the banquet. They enter soon after the guests are seated, making the customary prostration of greeting, and, placing themselves between the diners, they begin to serve the wine with a grace and dexterity unlike the ordinary "musume," or waiting-maid. Almost all are pretty, richly dressed, and have their hair bedecked with fresh flowers and fastened with wonderful combs and pins. They greet the stranger as if they had always known him, and jest and laugh and utter funny little cries. The elder geishas who form the orchestra withdraw into the open space, and tune up their "samisens," a kind of three-stringed guitar, played with an ivory plectrum; the younger girls, either singly or in pairs, perform the dance, often marking the time with the "tsudumi," or little drum. The dances vary: those most admired are what we should term posturings, as shown in our illustration, accompanied with extraordinary waving of sleeves and fans and with a play of eyes and features wholly Oriental. The entertainment is varied by one of the older geishas, distinguished by her apparently sedate manner and plain dress, gliding into the room, and, with a conscientious idea of her own superiority, bowing low, not only to the assembled guests, but also to her companions. She may be the celebrated actress Tsuma-ko, but there is nothing outwardly to distinguish her by the dress, which is simplicity itself, but of the very finest materials



THE FAN DANCER.

## IN A CAFÉ WITH MISS KATIE SEYMOUR.

If you saw "The Girl I Left Behind Me" ballet when it began its career at the Empire—it is well worth a visit—you must have been charmed by the dance of Miss Katie Seymour—a curious, merry dance, with *entrechats* and *vol d'oiseau* steps of the *haute école*, varied by languorous, skirt-rhythmed movements of the Gaiety school and the rapid ankle-play that belongs to step-dancing.

I was sitting in the stalls, with a County Councillor beside me, saying to myself, as I watched Miss Katie, "If I had such wit in my pen as she has in her feet—her pretty little feet!" and wondering how to find words for a description of her graceful movements, when I heard someone say, "Are you the young man from *The Sketch*? If so, please come with me." I turned and saw a grave little boy in uniform, whom we followed to an iron door, which he opened with a huge key. However, he would not let the C.C. pass. "Only orders for one, and please follow carefully." Of course, I did not, but looked right and left. In a moment I stumbled, and a rough voice said, "Are you goin' to take the bloomin' scene 'ome to supper?" A second later a person remarked in an earnest, polite way, "This way, Sir, to the centre of the stage: curt'in's up, and they're waiting for your *par sool*."

I found Miss Katie in the wings just after her dance. "Can I have a chat with you?" I asked.

"Yes, if you like—but where? I haven't a dressing-room to myself, and we can't talk here."

"Well, come to some *café* close by, won't you?"

"Impossible—quite out of the question."

In the end she consented. "Wait here," she said, "for ten minutes, while I dress, and then—"

I waited there the ten minutes; they contained two thousand one hundred seconds. Nevertheless, I do not complain, for it is interesting to watch a big Empire ballet from the prompt side behind the scenes. There I saw Madame Katti Lanner sitting on a high-railed seat, rather like the dock of a police-court, in work-day dress, not the black satin of first nights, carefully watching the dancers, and giving directions and hints. By her side was the stage-manager, and flitting round about were numberless girls, rushing on and off in a mass, laughing, skylarking, joking, and grumbling, all of them rouged and painted, and dressed in the beautiful costumes that only Wilhelm can design. While I was looking, there came a girl with a lovely face wearing the ugly *prima ballerina* dress. Before greeting the public she went up to Madame Katti and affectionately kissed her, and she repeated the delightful dose after her performance was over. In her dance I noticed, for the first time, that, while to the audience it seems as if she came down after each bounding step like a snowflake, in reality there is a loud thud every time, and the stage actually trembles.

However, even a lady's ten minutes will come to an end, and I found Miss Katie Seymour in a neat little black toque, tailor-made, dark grey dress, and pearl-coloured *peau de Suède* gloves. She looked even more charming now than on the stage. Her eyes are beautiful: the large iris has a soft tobacco colour, and is set in a "white" that is suffused with pale blue, giving it the tone of the inside of a mussel-shell. The nose is bold and well-shaped, and her strong white teeth are framed by prettily cut, full red lips. Her hair, which has the texture of unreeled silk, is of a pale chestnut tint.

"I am afraid you'll be much disappointed; there's really nothing interesting in my life to tell. What! You'll invent some frightfully thrilling anecdotes if I like? No, thank you. I am English; I was born in Nottingham."

"A city famed for its pretty girls," I observed.

"But there's no rule without its exception, you know."

"That's true—you're exceptionally pretty. Well, you made your *début* on the stage when only four years old; then you appeared a little later at the Adelphi, in the children's pantomime 'Goody Two Shoes,' and remained for fifteen months at the theatre. After that you joined Mr. Wilson Barrett's Leeds Company; in '80 you flourished

in America. Subsequently, you had a round of pantomime, music-halls, and America again. Finally, you made a big splash in '91 as Blanche in 'Joan of Arc,' and have been a public favourite ever since. Is that correct?"

"But how did you learn all that? Well, yes, you journalists do seem to know everything. No; I haven't exactly any theory of dancing, and I've never had any regular training. My only teacher is my mother, who taught me a few steps. I've never gone through work like the Italian dancers, and I don't really practise; but, of course, I cannot do all the steps they do. They are wonderful, and sometimes awfully graceful; still, I think they are rather stiff at times and mechanical."

"Does anyone plan your dances for you?" I asked.

"No, no; I do that myself at home with a cheval glass. The music gives me the idea. You know the Russian tune, the 'Lazarine'? Well, I had to dance at short notice to that at the Gaiety. I went home, and the lovely music inspired me, and I was able to work it out right off."

She hummed the tune to me, to the surprise of an old gentleman opposite, who was eating a few miles of macaroni. Noticing the prettiness of her voice, I asked about singing.

"I don't like singing on the stage. I should if I could sing as I do at home; but I have no confidence, and force my voice and make it hard. I'm very fond of music, but I get out so rarely that I hear very little; in fact, I've never heard an opera."

"You go out very little! How do you pass your time?"

"You see, I live at Brixton, and we've a large garden and conservatory. I'm awfully fond of flowers, and look after them myself, and I've two cats and a dog and a blackbird; so very often I don't go out for weeks together, except to and from the theatre. My fads? My only fad was the big garden and conservatory, and I've got them. Yes; I fear I don't take dancing seriously, though I'm very fond of it. I suppose I am so agile, if you say so, because I'm thin. I only weigh about seven stone."

*Svelte* is truer—*svelte*, with a dainty figure, finely moulded.

"Indeed, I should like to do something more than dance. I'd love to act. No, no; not Juliet or serious parts, but *soubrette* characters; but I don't believe I'd really have confidence enough to speak much on the stage—it's not like dancing. I don't teach dancing; it would take up such a lot of time, and I'm not confident I could make pupils dance."

It was curious to hear the pretty, self-possessed girl saying she had not confidence enough for this and that; somehow, I've no confidence in her "not confidence enough."

"For dancing I like closely-fitting, neat dresses. Politics? Well, I don't quite know what I am—what are you?"

"A married man. Do you wear stays in dancing?"

"Oh, no; I don't think I could move easily if I did. I felt quite queer in the 'Round the Town' ballet at first in my Salvation Army dress, with its high neck and long sleeves. What do I think about ladies smoking? I should smoke myself if I liked it, but I don't."

After this she began to look at the clock, and talk about Brixton and the length of the drive, so I came to the conclusion that she wanted to depart. I paid for the coffee and whisky-and-soda we had half consumed—Italian whisky, I fancy; I do not recommend the brand—then we walked over to the Empire stage-door, where she said "Good night," and I crawled home muttering, "I don't think I've confidence enough to be an interviewer."

E. F. S.



Photo by Hills and Saunders, Sloane Street, S.W.

MISS SEYMOUR AS ZOE IN "DON JUAN," AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.

## PLUCK REWARDED.

I wooed a girl the other eve,  
She said she'd be my sister;  
With breaking heart I turned to leave,  
And "brotherly"—I kissed her.

She did not shriek, she squeezed my hand!  
(That kiss had saved my life.)  
She said, "I like your spirit, and  
I think I'll be your wife!"—Puck.





THE CARNIVAL.—FRIEDRICH FEHR.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE PHOTOGRAPHIC UNION, MUNICH.



MISS SYBIL CARLISLE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. A. BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.



## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The little collision between English and French troops in Western Africa is a striking reminder of the very different place held by war in the modern world since it became the fashion to arm whole nations. For, though the fatal encounter was just like many which—properly misunderstood—have led to long wars in the past, it was at once assumed by all but a few irresponsible and reckless newspapers that no serious consequences could be allowed to follow. Herein lies the saving virtue of the telegraph: that colonial authorities are not left for long periods of time entirely destitute of official direction from home, and thrown on their own resources and judgment. A hundred years ago, such a mistake would have led to Sierra Leone “clearing out” Senegal, or Senegal “clearing out” Sierra Leone, before anybody at home knew anything about it.

The fact is that war used to be the normal state of Europe. The last century can only show between thirty and forty years of general peace, and these broken by sputterings of conflict and preparations for quarrels that were averted. There was always fighting somewhere in Europe; sometimes general, nearly always important. But then matters could go on in a more staid fashion. Railways were not, nor telegraphs, nor armed nations; nor modern weapons. Year after year generals fought over the same ground, gained or lost a battle, took or lost a fortress, and went into winter quarters. Rarely was a campaign decisive of a war, and the rules of the game as then understood seemed to handicap the better player. Nowadays, a State that makes war does so in the consciousness that if anything goes seriously wrong with its preparations or the direction of its forces it may be practically wiped out in a few months—wiped out, at least, for a good number of years.

It might be well, perhaps, if one could limit the stakes to be played for. National existence is too heavy to risk on the cast of a die; for the shrinking from war felt by Governments is begetting a nasty habit of mutual suspicion and vituperation among nations. When Governments were quick to resent what seemed an insult—when the duel was a custom of States as well as of individuals—international manners, were better, if provocation was restricted to the case in which a quarrel was really sought.

The recent spell of cold weather—which may have returned by the time these lines appear in print—has brought home again to Englishmen their reckless and barbarous improvidence in the matter of cold. How many English houses have double windows? How many have walls that the wind does not penetrate with ease, or windows that will fit closely? How many rooms can be kept equally warm without being stuffy? How many fireplaces give the rooms in which they are any considerable proportion of their heat? No wonder influenza slays its thousands—rather by the colds caught after it than by its own venom. There are houses—and, still more, theatres—in which you could run a windmill by the draughts.

Speaking of theatres, what are we to do for melodrama? Is it to become a lost art with the lamented death of its most successful—indeed, of late, its only successful—author? Are Londoners tired of that species of play, or are the possibilities of it worked out? Critics of the psychological school seem to think that the extinction of melodrama would be a good thing. Yes, perhaps, if its fall came from increased cultivation in the public. But I think there is a place in art for the play of adventure and stirring incident, just as there is a place for the tale of adventure. Why should not a dramatic Stevenson arise to invest melodrama with the dignity of art?

But melodrama has of late meant too much actuality of scenery and surroundings, plus impossibility of plot and sentiment. Now, ordinary modern life at home is not melodramatic in action. We should go abroad in place, or back in time, for our subjects. We should try romance. Whether the audiences would take it, however, may reasonably be doubted. Only a subsidised theatre could properly try novelties, and that would probably get into the hands of an official “ring,” who would have their favourite style.

What London, however, wants most is not so much a new State theatre as fewer private enterprises. There are a number of houses in existence that are simply money-traps for the average piece—that is, the piece that is not an assured success or assured failure. Yet they continue to stand and be rented at extravagant amounts. Hope springs eternal in the dramatic breast. Smith fails, and Brown (I must not say Jones), but Robinson goes on in the same cheery recklessness to the same destruction.

MARMITON.

## MISS SYBIL CARLISLE.

When this young actress, who has been playing the part of Persis Harrison in “Gudgeons,” went on the stage, a little over two years ago, she had no need to seek a pretty *nom de théâtre*, as her own forename and patronymic formed a combination so euphonious as to make it one difficult to better. But more important possessions were the heritage of a rare type of English beauty and of a tuneful voice, both handed down to her by her mother, the well-known singer and instructress, Mrs. Carlisle-Carr, who still looks little older than her other, clever daughter, Miss Mary H. Carlisle, a quadruple gold medallist and a Salon art exhibitor. Miss Sybil Carlisle's first contact with dramatic art was in “All the Comforts of Home,” at the Globe, and her appearance there led almost immediately to her engagement by Mr. Wyndham, who conferred on her the no little distinction of appointing her under-study to Miss Mary Moore in all her parts, while he also assigned to her the title-rôle in “Miss Decima,” during Miss Juliette Nesville's three weeks' absence. Miss Carlisle was one of the very pretty trio whose adventures at Cremorne formed the subject of the play of “Pink Dominoes,” while she acquitted herself very satisfactorily in “The Silent Battle” and “The Bauble Shop.” It is no little to Miss Sybil Carlisle's credit that she accepted her present and self-created part of Persis Harrison at a few hours' notice; but her pluck is, perhaps, due to the gallant spirit transmitted to her by her grandfather, General Sir John Bissett, K.C.M.G., C.B., formerly Governor of Natal. The agreeable charm of Miss Carlisle's fresh and facile voice was seen in the curtain-raiser, “Leap Year,” which preceded “Gudgeons,” in which Nellie sang a charming song by Liza Lehmann. Whether Miss Carlisle quite realised one's idea of an American young lady is open to question, but there can be no doubt that her delightful personation of the millionaire's daughter seemed to give her dollars little comparative value in estimating the worth of the matrimonial prize won by Reginald Ffolliott.

## A CHESTER CENTENARIAN.

The *St. James's Gazette* has been giving its customary list of last year's British centenarians—possibly *pour encourager les autres*. These wonderful folk may excite interest, but such prolonged days can hardly be envied, except by children like the little girl whose aim in life was to



Photo by Brandebourg, Chester.

be what she called a “centurion.” This is the portrait of Mary Jones, who celebrated her 103rd birthday in Hoole Union, Chester, on Aug. 11, 1893, and who is still in the land of the living, albeit that land is the circumscribed area of a workhouse. Let us hope that the days of this hale old lady may be brightened in the eventide of her long life.



SIR TOBY BELCH: "I am sure care's an enemy to life."—*Twelfth Night*, Act i., Scene 3.



## MISS KITTY LOFTUS.



MISS LOFTUS.

Photo by Draycott, Birmingham.

This very talented and very charming young actress is again playing in the pantomime at the Crystal Palace, and once more she makes a distinctive mark and secures a bewitching triumph. Miss Kitty Loftus is, indeed, the fairy incarnation of the truest spirit of burlesque. She is a tricky sprite and a fantastic elf. She is an embodied lightness, instinct with the glad sparkle and effervescent gaiety of her peculiar branch of theatrical activity. She is daintily little, and yet exquisitely modelled, and her light foot dances as if dancing were the mere effusion of airy joy, expressed through merriment; but restrained by grace. She is delicate rather than indelicate, and her acting is informed with the energy of delight. It seems as if she herself heartily enjoyed the exercise of her distinctive gifts for her piquant art. She is full of dash, of spirit, and of "go," and yet remains always modest and elegant. Her voice is of no great compass or power; but she sings with so much expression as to bring out the full meaning of the words, say, of such a song as Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Tommy Atkins," which she sang last year. Ambition may lurk beneath those careless curls, and the young lady, perhaps, secretly longs to emulate Mrs. Bancroft, and to turn from the dainty deliciousness of sparkling burlesque to gracious and coquettish comedy. She has played with success Polly Eccles and the other Robertsonian characters. She is not yet well known in London, but she is a huge favourite in the provinces, and has been immensely popular in the leading parts in "Jack Sheppard," "Ruy Blas," "Cinder-ElLEN," and "Lady Slaney." Puck, in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," is, perhaps, the most valuable part that she has yet played. She depicts the volatile sprite as a being not of our order, as infrahuman, with an imperfect sympathy with humanity. She exclaims, in amused wonder, "Lord! what fools these mortals be!" Her sprite is full of merry mischief and of airy gambols. She seems to have been lightly wafted down from aerial heights to our solid earth, as Ariel alighted upon the yellow sands of Prospero's enchanted isle. Miss Kitty Loftus is still so young that much may be hoped from the future career to which she devotes such zealous labour. Meanwhile, all may now make acquaintance, at the Crystal Palace, with her agile grace, her sportive lightness, and her quaint archness.



Photo by Draycott, Birmingham.



Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.

## THE ART OF THE DAY.

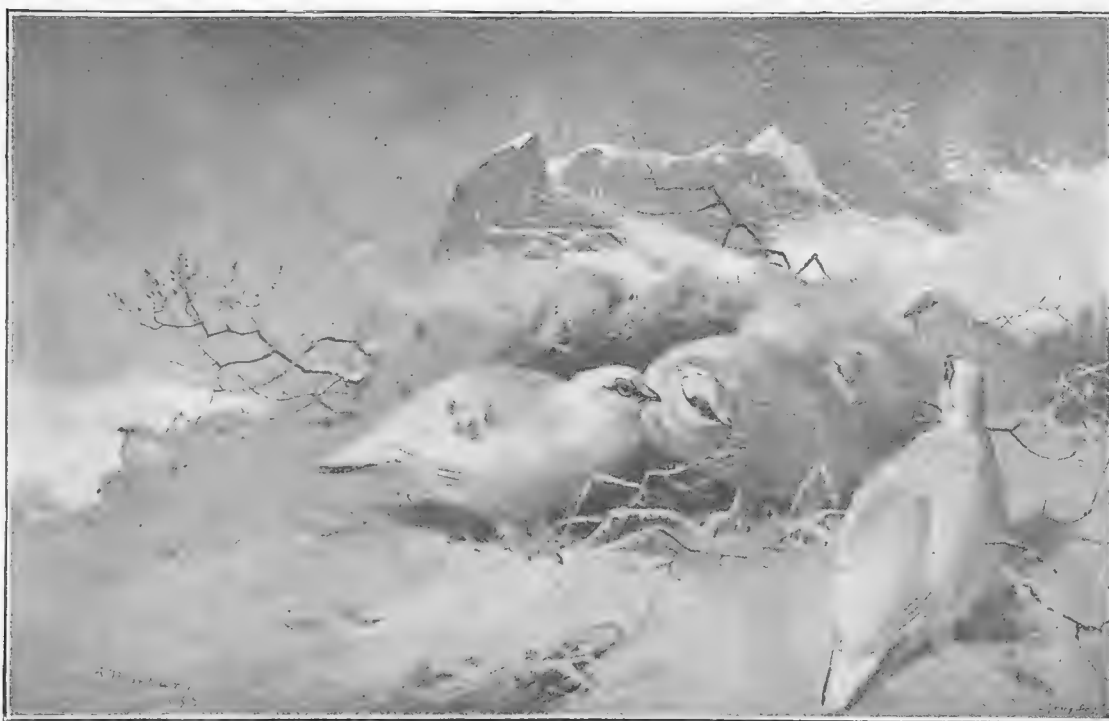


BLACK GAME PACKING.—ARCHIBALD THORBURN.  
Exhibited at the St. James's Gallery (Mendoza).

While the black-and-white artist is waging war on the illustrated newspapers, the photographer is steadily pursuing the path to perfection. Great as have been his successes in times past, the future is entirely his. The great drawback to photography for book illustration purposes was the difficulty of printing on ordinary paper. A book illustrated with photographs pasted on thick paper is one of the most disagreeable things in the world to handle. It is unmistakably photographic, but the modern mechanical process of transferring the print to zinc or some other suitable substance has removed the old stigma. As an example of what the camera can do, one has only to see the beautiful book issued by the London Stereoscopic and Photographic Company, Limited, entitled "Life in the Backwoods." The photographs, thirty-nine in all, which were originally taken by Mr. J. Turner-Turner, author of "Three Years' Hunting and Trapping in America and the Great North-West," are artistically chosen, and very beautifully reproduced by a special process, forming a true and particular account of the subject in hand. It is a cheap guinea's worth. We cannot, however, compliment the publishers on the ornamental type pages facing each illustration, and containing its title in a maze of ornaments. There is an air of a draper's circular about such setting, which soon becomes out of date, because the types used are essentially things of the hour. Otherwise, from cover to cover, the book is admirable. The illustration (reproduced by us on zinc) from the book, entitled "Black Bear Caught in a Deadfall," is a good example of what the pictures are like.



BLACK BEAR CAUGHT IN A DEADFALL.  
From a Photograph by J. Turner-Turner.



PTARMIGAN SEEKING SHELTER.—ARCHIBALD THORBURN.  
Exhibited at the St. James's Gallery (Mendoza).

In last week's issue we made some mention of the winter collection now on exhibition at Burlington House. Valuable and interesting as that collection is, it cannot be denied that it is less attractive than many of the exhibitions which at this time of the year have been accustomed to decorate those worthy walls. As usual, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Romney are among the central attractions of the rooms, while the special section assigned to the Dutchmen certainly adds no little to the general value of the exhibition.

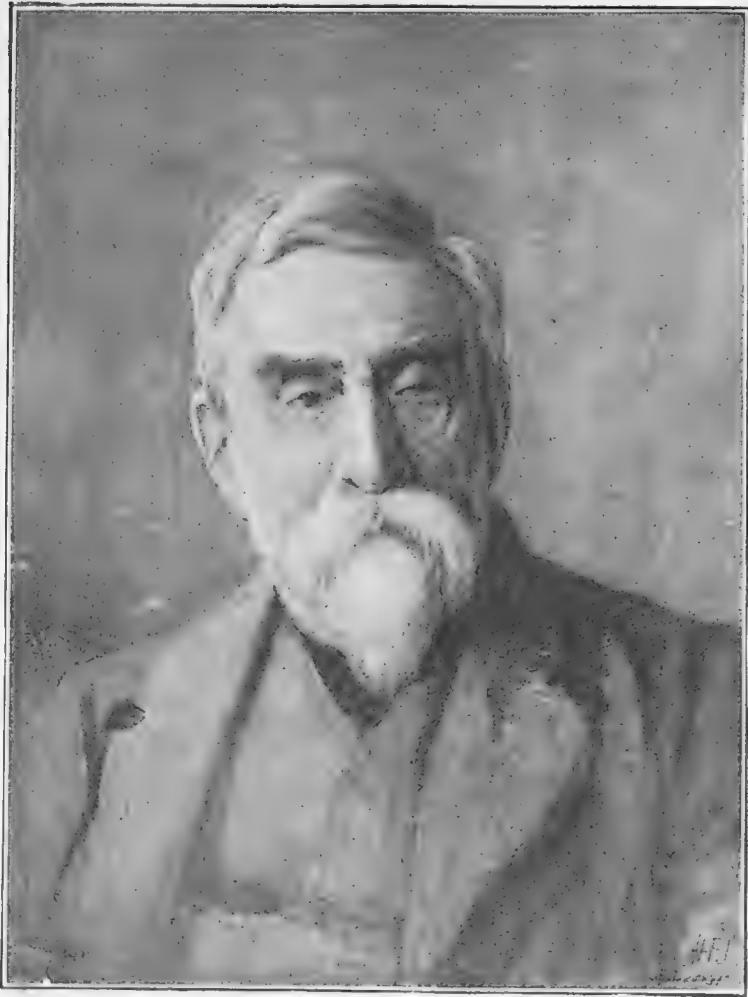
We have already expressed our views upon the wonderful "Venus Disarming Cupid," by Sir Joshua, hanging in the first room. There are, near to it, two or three Walkers, which it singularly shames by its loveliness and their pretentiousness. A dreadful picture of undue proportions by John Phillip occupies the post of honour in this room; and sets out of proportion all the beauties of its neighbourhood.

There is in the same room a wonderfully fine picture by Richard Wilson, "The Convent, Twilight," the beautiful

sky and colour of which are worthy of all praise. It would be difficult to imagine, in this style of work, a more solemn or more gravely yet tenderly accomplished piece of painting. It is very different, indeed—and, perhaps, not striking in the same impressive manner—from the garden scene by Pieter de Hoogh in the next room, to which we have already referred, but it is no less beautiful, with its own particular beauty.

Among the Dutchmen, one of the most remarkable canvases in the second room is the Albert Cuyp, "Landscape with Figures and Cattle," an astonishing and wholly admirable sunlight effect. But for the wonderful manipulation of detail few achievements could surpass "The Portrait of a Lady," by Michael Janse Mierevelt, in which the large ruff, the lace cap, and the lace cuffs are worked out with the most extraordinary ingenuity: every thread and the effect of the light upon every thread seem to be realised, not only with a patience, but with an ultimate success that almost takes one's breath away.





A PORTRAIT.—H. P. JACKSON.  
Exhibited at the St. James's Gallery (Mendoza).

One of the chief objects of attraction to one entering the third room is the splendid portrait of Queen Charlotte by Gainsborough, wonderful for its character and the extreme delicacy with which the whole subject is treated. This room is chiefly remarkable for the not very successful mixture of many schools, each of which is more or less well represented, the failure chiefly lying in the mingling. Among specimens of the Italian schools is a very beautifully composed and greatly dignified

"Holy Family," by Sebastian del Piombo, and there are three portraits by Van Dyck in the same room which can only be characterised as superb.

In the last room, which is usually treated as a kind of artistic mortuary, hangs a large quantity of the work of the late John Pettie, R.A., which may prove more or less interesting to the amateur of very modern productions. For our part, we are fain to confess that, however much, in the ordinary way, we might feel attracted by Pettie's work, it is here thoroughly and absolutely out of harmony with its surroundings. To wander through the rooms that precede this academic treasury is to attune the mind to some peacefulness, and, at times, to a glowing admiration. To enter the fifth room is to find oneself suddenly and ruthlessly cast among modern ideas and modern controversies; one feels the compulsion too greatly of undoing the ideal that the older masters, by some subtle sense of standard, build up in the mind, and of substituting this other demanded by modernity. So, for the present, we may leave this exhibition.

The exhibition at the New Gallery is more uniquely interesting than that of Burlington House, being composed entirely of the work of early Italian masters from, say, 1300 to 1550, if one accepts the chronology of the catalogue. The show is one which demands some careful examination, and, with the space at our disposal, it would be preferable to defer it till next week. One may say, indeed, generally, that it is the most admirably organised and illustrative collection that has ever been gathered together at the Regent Street gallery. Moreover, it is something of a revelation, as anybody can test for himself who will hazard a visit.

The *Portfolio* for January consists of a monograph by the editor, Mr. P. G. Hamerton, on Rembrandt's etchings, and contains a good deal of highly interesting matter and some interesting judgments. Rembrandt's different periods and his astonishing progress in the art of his choice are indicated with skill and accuracy. The value of the monograph is increased by the various specimens of Rembrandt's work which are included in its pages. Here, for example, are many admirable landscapes, and yet more admirable portraits, including that most admirable portrait of the artist's mother, which, for its simplicity and completeness, touches hands—although worked in a different medium—with that "Portrait of My Mother" of these days, which Paris now, to our loss, possesses. Mr. Hamerton's information is considerable, and we are grateful to him for his work.

Discussion as to the probable new Associates of the Royal Academy was silenced last Wednesday by the announcement of the election of Mr. John S. Sargent, whose portraits have been so strikingly successful; Mr. Frank Bramley, who has a pathetic power unrivalled by his Newlyn comrades; and Mr. G. G. Frampton, who has recently progressed far as a sculptor.



COUNTESS OF BESSBOROUGH.—SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, P.R.A.  
Exhibited at the French Gallery, Pall Mall.



MADAME VESTRIS.—VIGÉE LEBRUN.  
Exhibited at the Japanese Gallery, New Bond Street, W.



LITTLE VANDA.—JACQUES E. BLANCHE.  
Exhibited at the New English Art Club, Dudley Gallery.

## FROCKS.\*

### A BALLAD OF A DEAR LITTLE MAIDEN.

Time was when as boy and girl we played,  
And she was the sweetest, dearest maid,  
With that look in her eyes love-laden.  
She'd frocks of ev'ry rainbow hue—  
Red, violet, orange, brown, and blue—  
And I loved her *most* when the frock was new.

Well-a-day!

'Twas a dear little maiden!

Time came we embarked on wedded life,  
And she proved a most expensive wife,

With that look in her eyes love-laden.  
She pleaded for frocks of ev'ry hue—  
Red, violet, orange, brown, and blue—  
And I loved her *least* when the frock was new.

Well-a-day!

What a *dear* little maiden!

Time now I should end this useless strife,  
For I cannot maintain so dear a wife,

With that look in her eyes love-laden.  
The writs come in of ev'ry hue—  
Red, violet, orange, brown, and blue—  
But I love her *still*, though the bills be due,

For still

She's my dear little maiden!

MARK AMBIENT.

\* Music composed by Harvey Löhr, and published by J. Bath, Berners Street, W.



UN COUP DE VENT.—J. DENNEULIN.  
EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.



THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



DOCTOR'S GROOM (with certificate of death): "Sure, now, and is this the house where the man lives who 's jist dead?"



"GAME!"





An uncommonly good story is told concerning Mr. Gladstone as a bookhunter. Some little time ago, one of his famous marked catalogues, ordering a batch of books, was surcharged by the Post Office, as being of the nature of a letter. It was enclosed in a halfpenny wrapper, and bore the G.O.M.'s customary scrap of writing to forward the volumes pricked off. The second-hand bookseller added the extra postage—twopence, or thereabouts—to the account, and Mr. Gladstone paid up at once. But he relieved his feelings by having a merry hit at the Post Office for its marvellous red-tape. The idea of Mr. Arnold Morley, Postmaster-General, grinding “tuppence” out of his venerable chief is altogether too funny.—*See Daily Papers.*



A HURRIED COURTSHIP.—(PERFECT STRANGERS MEET.)

HE: "Ain't that a swagger marriage?"  
SHE: "Don't I wish it were moine!"  
HE: "Don't I wish it were moine!"  
SHE: "Don't I jes' wish it were both ourn."





## HOME LIFE OF PRESIDENT CLEVELAND.

## THE ARRIVAL OF A "WHITE HOUSE" BABY.

"Has it happened?"—"Yes," said the President. "And it is——"  
"Another girl," was the President's smiling response.

In such a conversation precisely, according to a realistic next morning's paper, President Cleveland announced to his private secretary the arrival of the new Cleveland baby. As it happened, I, among a dozen or two politicians, office-seekers, and other people, was in the public portion of the White House about the time the little stranger arrived in the residential wing. No other event could have excited more interest throughout the country: the domestic feeling is one of the very deepest in the American character.

Uncle Sam, from New England to the Pacific Slope, regards babies at the White House in Washington as entirely his own. It was so with Baby McKee, in the days of the Harrison Administration, so with Baby Ruth Cleveland, and so it is with Baby Ruth's new sister. But there was



"HURRAH FOR BABY CLEVELAND!"

From the "New York Herald."

one little disappointment about Baby Ruth's new sister, as all the newspaper editors agreed, with half-apologies, as if any apologies at all looked a trifle foolish. Better quote the particular editor who put the disappointment into a big type heading, so—

"BUT, LIKE THE BABY'S PARENTS, EVERYBODY WOULD HAVE  
REJOICED HAD THE CHILD BEEN A BOY."

Baby Cleveland's weight—between nine and ten pounds, it turned out—the colour of her eyes, the number of her dimples, her first dainty clothes, her fault for not being a boy forgiven in favour of her own girlish charms—the interest in all these things was merely an emphasised illustration of the common interest every American takes in the home life of the White House. How much Mrs. Cleveland's sincere womanliness has achieved in the political fortunes of her lord and master nobody would dare to say. If he had remained always as he remained for long, a bachelor, it is safe to put it that he would hardly have been President twice. Apart from anything else, a bachelor head of the State in a country where the wife—the woman—holds so envious a position would be absurd.

No woman ever, perhaps—except Queen Victoria on her accession to the Throne—had a more trying ordeal before her than Mrs. Cleveland when, on her marriage, she became the lady of the White House. She was almost a young girl, and, having spent most of her life in a comparatively unimportant town, she had only mixed a little in American society. Oh, yes, America has a Republican form of Government, and doesn't have a Court, but in America, all the same, society is spelt with a capital letter. It is somewhat doubtful if either President Cleveland or

his wife has any divine enthusiasm for society with a big S, but that is neither here nor there. Society is society always. There is a tradition that Mrs. Cleveland first won the heart of America, and that accomplished, the homage—graceful, frank, and generous—of society, particularly Washington society. Anyhow, she is to-day the most popular member of the Cleveland Government, and two or three secretaries of departments might go overboard without being so much missed as she would be. Not that she takes any kind of part in politics, or ever has, unless in a general and wifely way. She is as clever as she is beautiful; but her platform has always been her home, her subjects her husband and her babies. And it is in this, above all else, she has struck the American heart.

Of course, in speaking of the home life of the White House, its fair mistress is rather more important than her husband. Although a busy woman in every sense, Mrs. Cleveland finds time to make most of her children's clothes—surely a loving work. She has always, it is said, had a pretty taste for sewing, and her favourite colour for the baby garments is white. She plies her sewing mostly in a cheery morning-room opening off one of the President's libraries, and occasionally, when a spare minute occurs in the public business, he will drop in and lounge at the big windows of this room for a bit of a chat. To see President Cleveland is not to set him down as a romantic man, and, indeed, in politics, it is his stern practicalness more than anything else which has carried him so far. Still, the chivalrously romantic often lurks where it might be least expected, and Grover Cleveland has his share of the good quality. Driving is with Mrs. Cleveland a favoured recreation, and she likes a smart carriage and black horses of some mettle. She looks almost handsomer in her carriage than in, say, the famous East Room at the White House on the occasion of a reception. Nobody who has been to one of those receptions ever left without the firm belief that but for his, or, if it be a woman, her, attendance the lady of the White House would have been quite unhappy. How few people there are with the wondrous faculty of selecting everybody for distinction. Somehow, Mrs. Cleveland's photographs—some of them, at least—give one the impression that she is, without being *petite*, rather a small woman. That is quite wrong; she is really tall—anyhow, taller by a bit than the average woman, and uncommonly well built. Some day she may get a little stout.

Nothing delights the President and Mrs. Cleveland more than to shake off the official worries and vexations of Washington and hie to the seaside. Their best-loved resort is a little place, Grey Gables, on the New England coast—a place which is almost too small to tempt the presence of the hero hunter in inconvenient numbers. Several American Presidents have been anglers; Cleveland is much devoted to angling. Moreover, he is a highly proficient angler, and generally makes a good basket. Probably his favourite fish to angle for is that great American fish, the black bass, the reason being, no doubt, that it gives such good sport. Even at the seaside the President finds it difficult to keep clear of newspaperfolk, questing for something fresh to keep the insatiable American reading public in countenance. He got a bad tooth pulled last summer, and straightway the most extensive and highly strung accounts of his health appeared in the papers. Not only that, but the goodness of the table kept at the White House—and President Cleveland always has a good table—was dragged in alongside the bad tooth as somehow *à propos*. One interviewer, getting to close quarters unawares, wanted to ask all about the tooth and the stories to which it had given rise. The President declined to say a word. He is the one man in America just now, perhaps, who will not be interviewed. If he has anything to announce through the papers, he may send for a newspaper man he knows, belonging to one of the Democratic organs; but to the interviewer Grover Cleveland is a sealed book; he simply cannot be got at. He is not the first statesman who has found a capacity for holding his tongue—excellent, capital; only it is rather hard on the wily interviewer. Similarly, Mrs. Cleveland bars the interviewer, and as one result saves, she thinks, an hour every day to her household duties. Her main reason, however, is that she does not care to be tittle-tattled about; that she prefers to keep her household within itself. Of course, gossip always will leak out about notable people, but, then, that is inevitable.

What might be called "the note" of the Cleveland household is its simplicity, its want of formality, its entire frankness. In vulgar phrase, the Clevelands have never put on any kind of "side," have never in a personal way posed in their position. To her schoolgirl friends of Buffalo Mrs. Cleveland is still the old girl friend; and when wee Baby Cleveland came it was their pretty bibs and bonnets—evidences of kind thoughts and good hearts—that she most valued.

J. M.

## KRAALS.

A correspondent observes: "Have you noticed that Rider Haggard, in 'King Solomon's Mines,' gives Lobengula his real character, and calls him a scoundrel? Well, I don't know so much about all this: everything with regard to Africa is all so horribly mixed up. Now, take the story of the stone kraals in 'Allan's Wife.' I have talked with Herbert Ward, Troup, and Henderson on the subject; neither of Stanley's companions saw anything like a stone kraal. Mr. Henderson, however, did, and has shown me sketches made from the odd dwellings in question. The kraals, however, were built somewhat in the shape of malt-kilns, and not at all like the dome-shaped dwellings in Mr. Stuart's book. It is rather odd, again, that Rider Haggard should be always running on about a Phœnician origin of the stone kraals; both Mr. Henderson and Mr. Prior hold that they are only Moorish."

## THE AUTHOR OF "IRISH IDYLLS."

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

You will not find Miss Barlow in the London literary circles—nor in Dublin, for the matter of that. She fears society more than I do my pet bogies, ghosts and bulls—not Irish ones—so she has assured me. Raheny is a village within sound of the Dublin church bells. It is incredibly quiet and rural. At the little station none alight but the residents; the pleasure-seekers pass by on their way to Malahide or to Howth, which, like a clear amethyst, lies out in the bay. All round stretch yellow harvest fields: the sea is lapping at the sands a little way off. At Raheny Station I looked for the famous young writer who was to receive me at the threshold of my visit. "Better wait, Ma'am," said the friendly porter, "for she's sure to come." She came almost as he spoke—a slender, black-gowned girl, with an almost childlike meekness in her gaze and bearing. It was not our first meeting. A few weeks earlier I had seen that slight figure enter the pretty studio where a Dublin artist was entertaining her friends. By some means or other, Miss Barlow had been induced to come, and we all came to see her. A most unwilling lioness she was, and afterwards she confided to me her consternation at finding herself an object of such interest.

Raheny society is such as Miss Thackeray would like to paint, consisting as it does mainly of very gentle old ladies, who in their cool houses, behind high garden walls, meet together at tea time to discuss the affairs of the community. Miss Barlow, with her strong National feelings, must somewhat scandalise those quiet circles, for the old ladies are Conservative to a woman. How is she National? Heaven knows! and "the spirit bloweth where it listeth." She has not a drop of Irish blood in her veins, though her family has been long resident in Ireland. Her father is a Fellow of Trinity, Dublin, every tradition of which is high and dry Tory. Till that day I first met her she had never spoken with a Home Ruler—strange, when the accursed thing is to be met with in all social gatherings.

She talked in a voice of great softness and gentleness as we walked from the station. I said that the thing that surprised us was this sudden growth of her mind.

"I am not sure that it was sudden," she said gently. "I think I was working underground all the time. I burnt most of what I wrote in those years."

I reminded her of her classical poems in the *Hibernia* of ten years ago. She wrote in that dead Dublin magazine as "Owen Balair." Her next appearance with "Walled Out, or Eschatology in a Bog," was in the *Dublin University Review*, some three years later. Her anonymity was so strict on this occasion that none was able to pierce her secret, though the very remarkable poem excited so much notice that the editor actually advertised for his unknown contributor. I quoted to her some verses from the poem about Remy, the peasant's little dog that the steward at the Big House shot—

An' the friendliest baste, more betoken, you'd meet in a long day's walk,  
An' knowin' an' sinnible, too, as many a wan that can talk.  
I might come home early or late, yet afore I was heard or seen  
He'd be off like a shot an' meet me a dozen perch down the breen;  
An' at times ye'd be kilt wid laughin' that quare wor his ways an' thricks.  
An' there he lay stone dead by the gate at the back of Hourigan's ricks.

An' och, but the house was lonesome whin we'd buried him down by the dyke,  
An' the childher bawled themselves sick, for they thought there wasn't his like.  
An' just this night, comin' up to the door, I was thinkin' I'd give a dale  
For the sound av his bark, an' the pat av his paw, an' the wag av his tail.

"Yes," Miss Barlow said, "Remy was my sister's little dog. He died of an accident, though not quite so cruel a one as Remy in the poem, and we never cared to give him a successor."

We have passed by the half-moon of cottages that is Raheny Village. Miss Barlow tells me that she is writing its annals, under the name of "Ballyhoy," in the *British Weekly*. It was Dr. Robertson Nicoll, editor of that paper, whose happy suggestion to Miss Barlow that she should write some Irish sketches after the manner of "A Window in Thrums" brought forth "Irish Idylls." Raheny is not Lisconnell: that dreary hamlet is a reminiscence of a summer spent in the West of Ireland. But there must often be hints of Raheny in it, for where else did she learn the people's idioms? Those West of Ireland peasants she was far too shy to exploit. Her father says she knows the Greek better than the Irish peasants, for

in a summer spent with him in Greece his daughter made friends with some of the Greek peasant folk. I think he made some such statement as that; to the best of his belief, she had never been inside an Irish cottage door; yet this is well-nigh incredible. But certainly a part of the greatness of "Irish Idylls" is that it is created out of the knowledge given by perfect sympathy.

The Cottage, Miss Barlow's home, is a low house covered with creepers, and possessing a genuine mud-wall and a thatched roof. The little windows peer over the high palings at Howth, out yonder. This is the part that gives the house its name. But entering by the gate-lodge one sees its more imposing side. A kindly, roomy, old-fashioned house, basking under its many creepers, and, for the great multitude of its roses, like "a rose-tree in full bearing." The sheltered lawn overflows with flowers, and it is easy to see that some one of the dwellers here is a most patient and devoted florist.

"My mother is the flower-worshipping person," says Miss Barlow. "She is especially fond of roses, and successful with them. She will strike you a cutting of our *rose céleste*, if you will—this very small and sweetest of all roses."

The roomy drawing-room, with its open organ and the books and knitting about, that tell so pleasantly of home life and occupations, has more flowers in it than I ever saw in a room before. They are in pots at the windows, in innumerable vases on the tables; a table at my elbow is a flower-bed packed so closely with sweet-smelling blossoms that you can neither see vase nor table.

Miss Barlow likes better to talk of other people's work than her own. She displays to me with much interest the illustrations for the *édition de luxe* of "A Window in Thrums," drawn by Mr. Hole. She admires Mr. Barrie warmly—an admiration which I could have informed her he reciprocates. Another book she talked of was "Q's" "Noughts and Crosses," mentioning how greatly she was impressed by that wonderful short story, "The Mayor of Gantick."

Miss Barlow has had all manner of delightful compliments paid her by distinguished persons. I imagine, however, that her chief pleasure in them is her feeling that she may have induced those persons to give a sympathetic thought to the country she so dearly loves. For herself, that home-life, fragrant of simple virtues, suffices. She works with her father in his study, and, as he was busy that day with some abstruse college accounts, I did not see the room where "Irish Idylls" and its predecessor, "Bogland Studies," were born and grew. This girl, who has done work that promises to be as notable as that of the Brontës out of an inexperience greater than theirs, of what would she be not capable,

given the experience? I imagine that her attitude to the world as compared with her feeling for her own home is much like that of Lady Sheridan in her own powerful and pathetic sketch, "One Too Many." "I do not believe that, with his own good will, he would ever have gone out of sight of the little knockawn, with its lowly crest of grey-gleaming earg. Business now and then called him to Duffelane, or even as far as the town; but on these occasions reluctant went his departing steps, and his rising spirits always jumped up several degrees in one bound at the moment when his thatch, with its dark-rimmed smoke-hole, came into view again from the brow of the hill."

I doubt that Miss Barlow will ever go abroad to seek the experience she lacks. But perhaps she can dispense with it as well as the Brontës did, and happily she has none of their gloomy and terrible atmosphere. Inexperience plus genius can stand alone, and is sure enough to make the world sweeter and more educated for its being.

## MOUNTAINEERING ON STILTS.

It is the ambition of everybody who does a summer fortnight in Switzerland to climb—why, one does not quite understand. A whole skin and bones to match are generally considered a necessary condition of happiness at home, but no sooner does the average Englishman find himself among the Alps than, like the tailor in the play, he wants "to soar," and, as a rule, pays the penalty of such middle-class ambition by coming down in little pieces, or falling into a crevasse, or doing something equally uncomfortable and disconcerting. One of the latest "occasions" in mountain climbing is a new and strange device, successfully attempted and carried through by a French gentleman, M. G. de Lespaul, who climbed the Rochers de Naye on stilts in ten minutes under the five hours.



Photo by Lafayette, Manchester.

MISS JANE BARLOW.

## THE YOUNGEST MEMBER OF THE ALPINE CLUB.

The loneliest inn to be found in the length and breadth of England is that at Wastdale Head, Cumberland, once kept by famous old Will Ritson. Round a blazing fire in its quaint dining-room we gathered, two days after Christmas, attempting a difficult task. This task was



Photo by Webster, Porchester Road, W.  
MR. OWEN GLYNNE JONES.

to induce Mr. Owen Glynn Jones to talk of himself and his mountaineering adventures; but climbing men are proverbially modest, and Mr. Jones is especially so, because, as it appears, he is the youngest member of the Alpine Club. Perhaps just because he was the youngest, because he looked so boyish despite his twenty-six years, and because we were aware, apart from his mountaineering acquirements, he was well known as a lecturer on physical science, that we persisted in regarding him as a marvellous being, and clamoured for his experiences.

Ozone seemed to have mounted to our brains like wine, and we were merry. Little did we dream of the tragedy which, before

the week had passed, was destined to cast a gloom over our quaint hostelry. Little did we dream, when Mr. Jones incidentally mentioned ascending the Matterhorn with Professor Milnes Marshall, that in a few days he would be called upon to give testimony over the dead body of the scientist and climber. No presentiment touched us as we skilfully drew Mr. Jones, all unwittingly, to the desired subjects.

"Why, I haven't done anything in the least remarkable," he laughed. "It's natural to me to be a climber, and I don't deserve much credit for persevering in what I've always liked best by way of recreation. A good climb inspires, and brings out the best that is in me, physically and mentally, as I think it must in every man who is fond of it."

"But mustn't a man be what you call a 'natural climber' to be successful at all?"

"No. It's like the man who is 'born great' and another who 'achieves greatness.' Both may be artists, but the first man will become so without half the trouble the second must undergo. And he is not likely to have mountain sickness to overcome. Some people say that neither it nor timidity can be overcome, but I'm sure they can, for I know men who have done it, and who became splendid climbers in the end. They will probably first conquer themselves in some moment of peril or desperation, and next time it will be far easier."

"I always liked climbing, though the first big thing I ever did was when I was seventeen. My holidays were spent at the foot of Cader Idris, which inspired me, because I thought I saw some difficult places, though it isn't known as a climber's mountain. I suppose I'm the only man who ever investigated it thoroughly, for I always went alone."

This led to the telling of various people's solitary experiences, and presently Mr. Jones had an adventure or two to relate.

The first time he ever used an ice-axe was on Snowdon, he said. He borrowed one from Harry Owen, the famous landlord of the Pen-y-Gwryd Hotel, during a winter expedition, and went out each day alone, only returning late at night.

"I took all new ground," he remarked, "cutting steps in the ice, and I got in a scrape one day, when I found it too steep to descend, and had to go to the summit along the ridge, cutting a cornice as I went, or else I should have found myself walking in space. I wore gloves, but the fingers were worn off early in the day, and I learned for the first time the misery of frostbite. That morning, I remember, I slipped up to my neck in the Glyders, just as my thoughts were wool-gathering in Charles Kingsley's 'Two Years Ago.' Down I went, in a hole between two stones, for the whole top was a pitfall, concealed with snow. But I bent my axe across, climbed out all right, and went up Tryfan the same day in a snow-storm."

"I'm still fond of climbing alone, for it gives one such confidence in one's own powers, but I don't recommend it to others. It's not a wise thing to do."

"When I found I could climb a little I went to Switzerland in '90, and that trip, with another in '92, gave me admission to the Alpine Club. Oh, it really wasn't much that I did, you know."

"There were a few new climbs, of course. The first time, in a span of three weeks, I managed to get in three new peaks, two new ascents, including the south *arête* of the Grand Combin, which is next the

Matterhorn in height. About that Combin climb I had a little trouble. The guides were fractious, refusing to make the ascent, and at last were with difficulty and threats persuaded to go. I had only one companion, and I believe the guides were rather pleased when he was taken ill just before we reached the chief obstacle. He could go no farther, but insisted on our proceeding, so the fellows were disappointed, for we tied him to the rocks and continued. The obstacle is a short one: we had a race to the top, returned for our man in two hours, found him all right, and accomplished the whole trip in fifteen hours."

"That was my first Swiss trip, and the second time I did two more new peaks, Fontenelle and Monte Ridessan, besides a good deal of general exploration over new ground, and a few good old climbs as well."

"The longest day I ever had afoot was at Easter '93, doing the Dent Blanche. We took two guides and a porter, and had great difficulty in getting them to attempt the last two hundred feet."

"We were out in the open for thirty-six hours, with very short rests, no sleep, and excessive labour, but we revelled in every minute of it. The mountain was in a dangerous condition, and the last five hours on the way home we spent in wading, waist-deep, through soft snow. It was rather painful, of course, but there was a certain pleasure even in our pain, for it helped to make philosophers of us. We agreed to think of other things in the midst of our sufferings, and we succeeded creditably well. I believe now that I could stand almost anything in the way of pain or exposure."

"Speaking of Swiss guides," one of us remarked, "do you think them able to give points to first-rate English climbers?"

"The best among them certainly are, but there are very few 'best.' I know several Englishmen who can give a good many points in rock-climbing to ordinary guides. Snow craft is different, of course; it requires a far more practised judgment than rock work, for the latter comes more natural to men who are gifted as climbers."

"What first brought you to Cumberland?" I inquired.

"Oh, I came first on a walking tour. I didn't know there was much real climbing to be had, although I'd heard about the three difficult ascents of Seawfell. I arrived at this inn at Easter—it was before my Swiss experiences, you know, in '90—after a fortnight's walk, and the first thing I did was to go out by myself, and find my way up to Mickledore. I took to the Broad Stand without any directions; but each step of the way was coated with ice; the snow was about eight inches deep, and, unfortunately, I hadn't supposed it would be necessary to take a rope or stick. I got on fairly well, however, and, warming to my work, I had a bathe in Angle Tarn."

"Next day, I did the Pillar Rock and Gable Needle, Mr. W. P. Haskett-Smith's discovery and climb. I thought it difficult, but not dangerous, except the last bit, perhaps. I hadn't any nails in my boots, so I took them off, and got on better without. After that, I made up my mind to come again and do everything worth doing. There are just as fine climbs in Cumberland as in Switzerland, on a smaller scale."

"Tell us something about the most difficult climbs you ever had," we all exclaimed at once.

"Well, the most disagreeable, I think, was in Piers Ghyll. After a long day's exploration of the Ghyll, we found ourselves near the natural arch, and had to make our exit. I started to climb up the face with seventy-five feet of rope, and, as the place was absolutely rotten from end to end, I had continually to steady myself with one hand, while I pulled out loose bits with the other, knowing there was little shelter for those below. I think that was the only hard climb I ever made which I shouldn't like to do again. Another bad piece of work I had to do was to get a man weighing fourteen stone up the vertical crack constituting the Right Pisgah climb on the Pillar Rock. Oh, yes"—answering a question—"I've had several falls. One was on Seawfell, in Moss Ghyll. It was all a glaze of ice; my foot slipped from a crack, and I fell sheer twenty-five feet, but my rope kept me from rolling farther. All the wind was knocked out of me; but I tried it over again, and finished it, though not till long after dark."

"Then I fell part way down Snowdon. It was in winter; everything covered with snow and ice, and, besides that, it was raining. There were three of us—roped, of course. I couldn't find a handhold; but as we went up the face I saw a rock above, and screwed in my axe, thinking 'Here's a game!' I swarmed up the axe, trusting entirely to it, as it seemed secure; but I jerked the stone loose, and saw it moving towards me. Then I let go, for I preferred to drop without the stone on top of me; and I did drop—twenty feet, falling on a narrow platform; but, curiously enough, I was scarcely hurt at all."

"The greatest number of perpendicular feet I've ever done inside twenty-four hours? Oh, about nine hundred and seventy or eighty, I should think."

"Yes; I've seen some weird sights on the mountains. On Snowdon, I remember meeting a fine specimen of what is called the 'Spectre of the Brocken,' and a number of beautiful fog bows; but the most curious experience was suddenly to find myself gazing at my own head projected on the fog below, and surrounded by three half-rainbows."

"How about those stories we've heard of your climbing up tall houses when you haven't anything better to do?" one of us asked.

"Ah! now you are laughing at me. But, really, it's very good fun. There's an astonishing field of mountaineering in houses before the slates are on. It's good practice for the nerves, too, swarming up chimney-stacks in winter."

That night I am sure that we all "glissaded" in our dreams.

And it was the next day that Professor Milnes Marshall arrived at Wastdale Head.



## TEA WITH MISS GERTRUDE KINGSTON.

Directly my hansom pulled up before the door of the maisonnette in Belgravia whither I was bound (writes a representative of *The Sketch*) my first glance at the artistic touch in blind and curtain gave me as instinctively the keynote to the taste and refinement of the interior as did the horse-shoe knocker surely suggest those aspirations after "luck" inseparable to most of us, and from which I subsequently found that Miss Kingston claims no exemption, but positively states her belief. Indeed, the peacocks on the wall-paper of her charming boudoir cause no little distress as possible bringers of misfortune. Her "good star," leading her on to a foremost place in her profession, continues, however, to twinkle brightly, uninfluenced by such sinister surroundings.

"And you liked your last part as Lady Alladay in 'A Screw Loose'?" was my preliminary query after my hostess, just come in from shopping, had removed her coat, of a cut distinctly "smart," and was busying herself with the egg-shell cups and saucers which denoted the function of afternoon tea.

"Oh, yes, immensely. It is such a relief to me to play a good part in farcical comedy. I can assure you that when I look back upon the six years of my career I seem always to have been acting the part of a villain in some shape or form; in fact, I think I have run through the whole gamut of objectionable people. I have been an intriguing widow, a designing adventuress, a fast and sporting free-lance, and so on. By-the-way, have you remarked how seldom vice and villainy are drawn in attractive colours? We want more of the *Fédora* or *Lena Despard* type, the polished and educated, and, therefore, the most dangerous class, and less of the *Skittles* and *Cora Pearls*."

"How was it that you came to go on the stage, Miss Kingston?"

"A family loss. I had been educated in art. As a young girl I studied under the portrait-painter Carolus Duran in Paris, and I attended Gussow's studio in Berlin; and, perhaps, I might have done something as an artist, but the need of seeking a present as against a distant future income suggested my taking to the stage, and I became a pupil of Sarah Thorne."

"But why to the stage? But perhaps you thought you had some talent in that direction?"

"Well, perhaps so. Possibly, I remembered that I had acquitted myself to Mr. George Alexander's satisfaction when I played in a Greek play at Lady Freake's, at which both he and Mr. Tree were very encouraging."

"And what did you do under Sarah Thorne's management?"

"I played such parts as Ophelia, Emelia, and Kate Hardeastle. I was playing the part of Zoe in 'The Octoroon' in a provincial town, and Mr. Beerbohm Tree had run down from Saturday to Monday, and, of course, went to the theatre—and he engaged me. Then I got into the villain business, for my appearance as Mrs. Harkaway in 'Partners' was, apparently, so satisfactory as to have marked me out as an unscrupulous coquette and an *intrigante*, more or less designing, nearly ever since. I cannot tell you how glad I am to be back again once more with Mr. Tree, whom I might be permitted to call my theatrical sponsor."

"I very well remember your success as Agnes Chumleigh in Brandon Thomas's 'Marriage.'"

"It's kind of you to say so. There is no doubt that it was a very cleverly drawn character, and very true to life. One is often meeting, especially in country-houses, such wholly selfish women as Agnes—women who, apparently quite unconsciously, annex everybody and everything. It was a play that specially appealed to what is called 'smart society,' so that every little delicate touch told with such audiences. Then another part which I played in the second year of my career, and which gave me a considerable lift, was that of Rachael Dennison in 'Tares.' It afforded me the opportunity of exhibiting almost every kind of emotion."

"And do you find acting exhausting work?"

"It is sometimes, for I am easily affected by the characters I represent. I can assure you I have returned home thoroughly depressed after playing parts unsympathetic to the audience. But I am always in good spirits at night when I happen to have been a 'good woman' on the stage, or have been playing in light comedy and farces."

"Is that so? Then you enjoyed playing in the triple bill at the Court when 'A Commission,' 'The New Sub,' and 'A Pantomime Rehearsal' were running. You played very prettily the mother of the cadet just joined, and, again, Lady Muriel was a splendid take-off of the languid aristocrat."

"Thank you; all I know myself is that I enjoyed my time very much at the Court."

"I know you have good reasons to hold strong views on the correlative duties of manager and actor; but I will refrain from touching on more than one point, namely, as regards rehearsal work being paid for."

"Well, rehearsals are the most tiresome part of our profession, and much reform may be advantageously effected, I think—I am not speaking of established theatrical managements, but in the case of the theatrical speculator. I think if rehearsals were paid for, there would be less injustice to a company when a piece perhaps runs only four nights after six weeks' rehearsal."

"And, in spite of the hard work of your profession and the claims of society on your time, you yet find sufficient leisure to ride in the Row and write stories?"

"Oh, dear, no! I haven't ridden but once or twice since I met with a serious accident in the Park three years ago. And as to writing,



Photo by F. Dickinson, Sloane Street, S.W.

MISS GERTRUDE KINGSTON.

I only occasionally contribute a duologue to *Black and White*, *Pick-Me-Up*, and other papers."

"And you illustrate your literary work, too, don't you?"

"Yes, sometimes. But please do let us change the conversation to someone or to something more interesting than myself."

Of course I said, "Impossible."

## WORK FOR GIRLS.

It is, unfortunately, a well-established fact that the past few years have had peculiarly disastrous effects on the income classes, through the downward race in stocks and shares of every kind and country. Many girls whose parents had "enough and to spare" before recent commercial crises are now under the necessity of "doing something," and I am constantly met with the forlorn question, "But what?" To this I reply at once, "Be cooks or teach skirt-dancing." There is plenty of work for competent teachers of "poetic motion," and I know several girls who are keeping themselves on the proceeds of a morning and afternoon skirt-dancing class. Now, as to cooking. All those who know will agree with me on two points—namely, that cooking becomes more and more a fine art in England, and, in the second place, that a lady may do anything nowadays without losing caste. It is no less admitted that the cook of to-day is always wasteful, frequently inefficient, and sometimes afflicted with thirst; yet she commands a comfortable salary, and the household happiness radiates from or expires in her basement domain. There are excellent schools of cooking established both in town and the provinces. Why do not girls of the class I indicate take the matter to heart professionally? Intelligence and education, when brought to bear on the domestic art, raises it at once to a profession. See what the *chefs* at the good clubs and hotels receive in salary—incomes, I have reason to know, which few hard-working professional men arrive at. Therefore, I say to unemployed and eager girlhood, learn cookery thoroughly—knowledge is in nothing more remunerative. There is no really hard work, for most families of any consequence keep one kitchen-maid at least—an aide-de-camp who relieves her chief of all heavy duties and is an invaluable culinary utensil. I hope that this advice may prove practicable. These are several first-rate institutions in town where, for moderate fees, girls can be received and taught the alpha and omega of this "supreme" science. x.

## THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

## THE LITERARY HERO OF THE MOMENT.\*

Five-and-forty years ago the Hungarians were a beaten, conquered people. The heel of the Austrian-bureaucracy was on them; the hoof of the Muscovite had trodden them down. They had risen for their liberties, and, after defeating the regiments of the Kaiser, had fallen before the legions of the Czar. The haughty little nation, on which the Turks had hammered in vain for centuries, was reduced to a province; its laws, its liberties, its independence were taken away, not to be restored till



MAURUS JÓKAI.

Photo by E. Ede, Budapest.

Austria herself was humbled in the dust on the field of Sadowa. But one thing was left to the Magyars—their language. Not permitted to write on politics, and barely to talk of them, with a press muzzled and a fettered theatre, they could still read novels in that strange, insular tongue of theirs, which has no kin in Europe. It was a chance for a great writer to create or re-create a national literature, and the great writer was ready in the person of Maurus Jókai, the most versatile, prolific, and industrious man of letters now living, whose “literary jubilee” the Hungarians have just been celebrating with an enthusiasm which is very well deserved. It is fifty years since M. Jókai, then a young lawyer at Pest, made his entry into literature. That was four years before the Hungarian Revolution of '48, *cujus pars magna fuit*; for he fought hard with tongue, sword, and pen against feudalism and the Vienna bureaucracy. If the Magyars had succeeded in their struggle, M. Jókai would probably have thriven and risen in politics, become a Minister of State, perhaps Minister President even, and might at this moment be known to the sedulous newspaper-reader of the West as one of those dim political phantoms who flit fitfully through the instructive telegrams of Messrs. Reuter.

*Dis aliter visum.* Proscribed, hunted down, living for months with the vision of trial by martial law and a platoon of muskets before him, pardoned, but sharply admonished against meddling in politics by a term of imprisonment, Jókai set himself to the work of providing the Magyars with a library of fiction. Supremely well he did it. With an industry invincible, and a truly astonishing fertility, he tossed on the willing laps of his delighted countrymen story after story. Never was there a more prolific author. In the quantity of his work he excels Balzac, Hugo, the great Alexander himself. Twenty years ago he had written

twenty-seven long novels and 314 shorter tales (many of them would make a respectable one-volume story as things go now with us), and every day of every year since this computation was made he has been writing as hard as his flying pen will travel. A man who writes as much as that does not always write well. Jókai's work is singularly unequal. At its worst it is prolix, tedious, wanting in proportion and reserve, inartistically discursive. But a few of his best novels are almost masterpieces. Not, it is true, masterpieces in the latest fashion. You will find in him no introspection, no realism, no keen analysis of a circumscribed passion or a narrow, intense emotion, no “note” of “modernity.” But the variety, the broad effects, the bold drawing, the large canvases, the crowded stage of the older masters of the novel are there—colour, life, drama, movement, and humour.

“Eyes Like the Sea,” which Mr. Nisbet Bain has translated with adroitness and skill, is one of Jókai's latest works. It is not quite one of his best. Much more remarkable is that fine story, which Mrs. Hegan Kennard did into English and Messrs. Blackwood published, under the title of “Timar's Two Worlds,” five years ago. But “Eyes Like the Sea” is a good book for those who are making their first acquaintance with the Magyar novelist. It is a curious work, unlike any other novel that one can recollect. It is a sort of fantastic autobiographical romance. The author is the hero—at any rate, there is no other; the heroine is the lovely Bessy, the lady with the eyes like the sea. A most piquant, charming, gallant, adventurous, sinning, selfish, and yet lovable creature is this sea-eyed damsel, with an unhappy knack of falling in love, in sparkling haste, with quite the wrong man at the wrong time, and repairing the damages to her injured heart in too impetuous fashion. To no less than five husbands, or substitutes for husbands, is this susceptible lady united in holy, or somewhat unholy, wedlock—never, by the spite of fate, having the good luck to get hold of a man who was not either a tyrant, a coward, or a liar. Her adventures, strange and curious, are strung on the story of Jókai's early life, which is the thread that runs through the strands of this odd book. The author tells us of his own young days, of his part in the stirring events of '48 and '49, his marriage to the charming actress, Rosa Laborfalvy, who saved his life when the Austrians were hunting down the Magyar patriots, of his literary successes, his journalism, his public career, and so on. We get a good insight into Hungarian politics and into a rather faded page of Continental history. Through it all glances the fairy form of the beauteous Bessy, flashing lambent lightnings from the depths of those eyes that were like the sea—coaxing, threatening, defying, relenting, alluring; falling in love and falling out again; constantly running to Jókai to seek advice about the latest lover to whom she has proposed a union of hearts—for this lady is of a coming-on disposition and does not wait to be asked: a tragi-comic figure until towards the end, which is tragedy unminged. Her relations to the author are curious enough. We have more than one scene in which M. Jókai has to play the part of St. Anthony to the temptations of the lady with the sea-like eyes—a part not easy for any man to enact with perfect grace and dignity, and uncommonly difficult for him to talk about afterwards without offence. But the old novelist writes of all these half-real, half-hypothetical, incidents of his earlier years with such frank and objective humour that there is nothing offensive or suggestive in a tale which might easily have been both. Eventually the fair Bessy becomes rather a nuisance to her old admirer, who finds her erratic incursions disturbing to the peace of a steady middle-aged man of letters. The conclusion is a sad one. Poor Bessy gets rid of her fifth and last bad bargain of a husband by killing him, and the fatal bright eyes close darkly in a prison. It is an ending as painful as the gallows and black flag of Tess of the D'Urbervilles, and jars on us worse, because Bessy does not move in that atmosphere of fateful tragedy and sorrow which hangs round Mr. Hardy's heroine from the beginning.

Mr. Bain has done good service in translating this strange, lively, interesting story. We hope he will give us versions of some more of the author's works. M. Jókai is less known in England than he well might be. We need not echo the extravagant laudation with which his countrymen have, not unnaturally, loaded him. But undoubtedly he is one of the most brilliant and original of living writers of fiction; he is full of a “local colour” that to English readers has not as yet lost the charm of the unfamiliar; and in these days of pessimistic and self-conscious fashions in literature, and of a minute finish that has developed into timidity, there is much that is attractive in a novelist who moves through his story with a stride so vigorous and manly, and dashes his puppets about his stage with the old Hugoesque swagger and confidence.

S. J. L.

Though we are not all like the gentleman who—in song, at all events—“lived on the river Dee,” yet the holiday number of the *North-Western Miller*, which has just arrived from Minneapolis, U.S.A., well deserves attention. It is, in fact, a splendid example of a high-class American magazine, containing within its charming covers stories by Octave Thanet and other writers of repute, as well as dozens of portraits, illustrating a pleasant account of a trip made by American millers to this country three years ago. It is a pity, however, that the first page contains a mangled version of “The Water Mill,” which Miss Sarah Doudney would fail to recognise as her poem.

\* “Eyes Like the Sea.” By Maurus Jókai. Translated from the Hungarian by R. Nisbet Bain. Three vols. London: Lawrence and Bullen.

# SUNLIGHT SOAP COMPETITIONS.

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1. IRELAND.
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5. CUMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND, LANCASHIRE, and ISLE OF MAN.
6. WALES, CHESHIRE, STAFFORDSHIRE, SHROPSHIRE, WORCESTERSHIRE, MONMOUTHSHIRE, and HEREFORDSHIRE.
7. NOTTINGHAMSHIRE, DERBYSHIRE, LINCOLNSHIRE, LEICESTERSHIRE, WARWICKSHIRE, RUTLANDSHIRE, NORFOLK, SUFFOLK, CAMBRIDGESHIRE, HUNTINGDONSHIRE, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE, BEDFORDSHIRE, and OXFORDSHIRE.
8. ESSEX, HERTFORDSHIRE, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, BERKSHIRE, SUSSEX, HAMPSHIRE, WILTSHIRE, GLOUCESTERSHIRE, SOMERSETSHIRE, DORSETSHIRE, DEVONSHIRE, CORNWALL, ISLE OF WIGHT, and CHANNEL ISLANDS.

The Prizes will be awarded every month during 1894, in each of the 8 Districts, as under:

Every month, in each of the 8 Districts, the 5 Competitors who send the largest number of Coupons from the District in which they reside will each receive, at winner's option, a Lady's or Gent's "Premier" Safety Cycle, with Dunlop Pneumatic Tyres, value £20 ... ..

The next 20 Competitors will each receive, at winner's option, a Lady's or Gent's "Waltham" Stem-Winding Silver Lever Watch, value £4 4s. ... ..

The next 200 Competitors will each receive a Book, published at 5s. ... ..

The next 300 Competitors will each receive a Book, published at 3s. 6d. ... ..

The next 400 Competitors will each receive a Book, published at 2s. 6d. ... ..

The next 500 Competitors will each receive a Book, published at 2s. ... ..

The next 1000 Competitors will each receive a Book, published at 1s. ... ..

\* The Bicycles are the celebrated Helical (Spiral) Tube "Premier" Cycles (Highest Award Chicago, 1893), manufactured by the "Premier" Cycle Co., Ltd., of Coventry and London, fitted with Dunlop 124 Pneumatic Tyres, Salisbury's "Invincible" Lamp, Lamplugh's 403 Saddle, Harrison's Gong, Tool Valise, Pump, &c.

Value of Prizes given each month in each District.

Total value of Prizes in all the 8 Districts during 1894.

£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
100	0	0	9600	0	0
84	0	0	8064	0	0
50	0	0	4800	0	0
52	10	0	5040	0	0
50	0	0	4800	0	0
50	0	0	4800	0	0
50	0	0	4800	0	0

41,904 0 0

## RULES.

I. The Competitions will close the last day of each month. Coupons received too late for one month's competition will be put into the next.

II. Competitors who obtain wrappers from unsold soap in dealer's stock will be disqualified. Employees of Messrs. Lever Brothers, Limited, and their families are debarred from competing.

III. A printed list of Winners of Bicycles and Watches and of Winning Numbers of Coupons for Books in Competitors' District will be forwarded, 21 days after each Competition closes, to those Competitors who send Halfpenny Stamp for postage; but in all cases where this is done, "Stamp enclosed" should be written on the form.

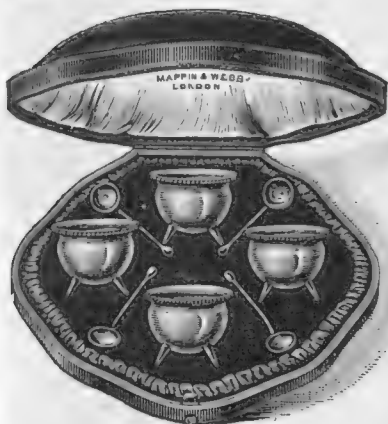
IV. Messrs. Lever Brothers, Limited, will award the prizes fairly to the best of their ability and judgment, but it is understood that all who compete agree to accept the award of Messrs. Lever Brothers, Limited, as final.



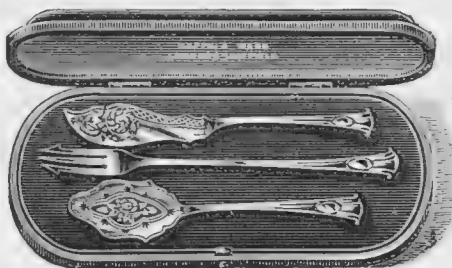
# Mappin & Webb's

## PRESENTS IN STERLING SILVER AND PRINCE'S PLATE.

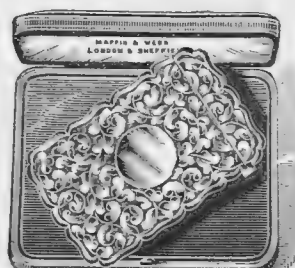
(Regd. 71,552.)



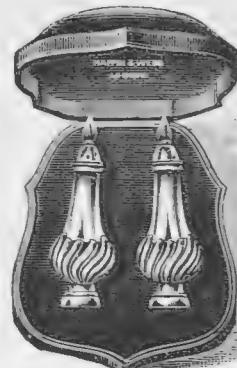
Sterling Silver Salt Cellars and Spoons, in Morocco Case.  
Case of Four, £2 2 0 | Case of Six, £3 0 0



Registered Design.  
Jam Spoon, Pickle Fork, and Butter Knife, in case, Prince's Plate, 15s. Sterling Silver, £2 2s.



Gentleman's Sterling Silver Card Case, richly Engraved, £1 11s. 6d.  
Ditto, Plain, £1 7s.  
Complete in Morocco Cases.



Two Sterling Silver Muffineers, Fluted, in rich Morocco Case, lined Silk and Velvet, complete, £2 5s.

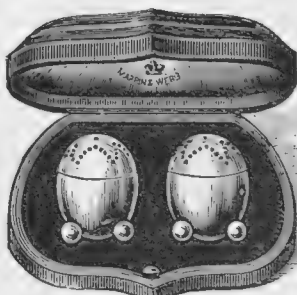


Two Sterling Silver Salt Cellars, Spoons, and Muffineer, in best Morocco Case, £1 13s.



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Handsomely Fluted Sterling Silver "Princess" Sugar Bowl, Cream Jug, and Sugar Tongs, in Morocco Case, £2 15s.

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(500 ILLUSTRATIONS),  
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GOODS SENT TO THE COUNTRY ON APPROVAL.



Two Sterling Silver "Dot" Muffineers, in Morocco Case, lined Silk and Velvet, £1 2s. 6d.



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Six Afternoon Teaspoons and Tongs, in Morocco Case, lined Prince's Plate, £1 8s. Sterling Silver, £2 2s.

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(facing the Mansion House.)



## GOOD NEWS FOR STOUT PERSONS.

One of the leading London daily papers has an article which treats briefly of some of the many methods for checking or reducing corpulency, and although no absolute remedy is suggested, it is no doubt sufficiently interesting for unduly stout individuals to study the various systems advocated in modern times, from Banting up to the present date.

We must point out, however, that after all these so-called systems referred to are simply a series of dietary regimes more or less vigorous in their character which, though probably efficacious in effecting a temporary reduction of the superfluous fat, are open to the grave objection that, in some cases, such treatment is absolutely harmful; while not infrequently the rules laid down are so rigid as to make it quite impracticable for the business man or woman to conform to them, to say nothing about the extraordinary divergence of opinion which exists among those who are considered good authorities as to what a fat man should take and what he should avoid.

For instance, we find that Mr. Banting in his book (which was read so widely at the time) would not allow fat of any kind to enter into his dietetics; on the other hand, a celebrated German doctor who followed him recommended freely the fats barred by Banting, and shortly after that another well-known man, Oertel, steered a course between the two, and advocated a moderate use of fat as an article of diet.

But, apart from these divided opinions, we ask ourselves whether any dietary, however skilfully the fats, albumen, carbo-hydrates, &c., may be proportioned, attacks the roots of the question? We fancy not.

The fact seems to be that these are but the formulae of dietists of repute. We want more than this. We want a remedy for a disease.

We have before us a book which throws great light on the matter. The author, Mr. F. C. Russell, Woburn House, 27, Store Street, London, W.C., in his earliest edition, clearly laid down that corpulency was a disease, and should be treated as such; and that such is the case is now generally accepted. He asks us not to attach much importance to any system of dieting, which, at best, is only a means of effecting a temporary reduction of

fat. His book upsets ruthlessly a lot of old-fashioned theories. For instance, he claims that those under his treatment eat more than before, and in perfect fairness proves this by the weighing-machine. This quite upsets the Continental savants' ideas about must not eat this and that. He further claims, and actually demonstrates by the scales, that he removes two pounds of unhealthy fatty deposit in twenty-four hours, and as a result the organs become relieved and more active, and thus the person requires more food. We regret we cannot follow the author further into his work, as space will not permit, but we heartily commend his book to those who wish to study this important question in all its phases.

Mr. Russell advocates a simple vegetable preparation; the ingredients of which he discloses without any secret, which attacks the seat of the disease, and is, moreover, a most invigorating tonic, and may be taken at all times by both sexes. His book is brimming over with practical information and advice, and the success of his treatment is beyond all doubt, judging from his excellent credentials and tens of thousands of original testimonials. The book only costs 6d., post free, and is easily obtained by writing to the publishing department, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, enclosing stamps for same.

The following are extracts from other publications:

## HOW TO CONCEAL OBESITY.

"The stout lady is always asking what she shall wear in order that she may appear less bulky. She should not wear tight-fitting tailor-made suits; rosettes should never be worn at her belt, either at the back or front; no lace or ribbon ruffs about the neck, though a soft feather one is permissible if it have long ends. A short skirt will give a queer, dumpy look, which is particularly undesirable. The hair should never be low on her neck; it should be high, and arranged with great smoothness. Strings of beads round the neck are prohibited, and if her fingers are short and fat even rings should not be worn. After all, this is only a makeshift, although large sums are paid by fashionable modistes for artistic designs and blendings in order to conceal *embonpoint*. What seems to escape the notice of the stout lady is the fact that the cost of the trickery

with the dresses is more than she would have to pay for a real and actual reduction of weight. Thanks to modern chemistry, or rather botanical research, it is not unusual for a stout person to lose in weight seven pounds in a week, and with a rapid return to perfect health, losing that oppressive feeling which troubles stout persons. As much as four pounds in rare cases have been lost in twenty-four hours. A stout lady, due to attend a garden party, say, in a week's time, would show most perceptibly that she had reduced her weight, for when, under Mr. Russell's treatment in particular, the medicine first attacks the parts which are most prominently obese, and she would appear considerably attenuated without the aid of the dressmaker. Many ladies ruin their constitutions by living in a state of semi-starvation to keep their weight down. There is not the slightest necessity, for Mr. Russell, the author of the well-known work 'Corpulency, and Cure,' frequently finds that the person eats more, although perhaps losing from two pounds to four pounds a week; and the decoction, which is absolutely harmless, is a most pleasant refreshing drink. As this paragraph may have interested lady readers, the address of the publishers of the little book, which only costs six stamps, post free, may be given here. It is Russell, Woburn House, Store Street, London, W. C. This book is most interesting and useful."—From *Midland Daily Telegraph*, Aug. 12, 1893.

## CURE FOR STOUTNESS.

"Mr. F. C. Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W. C., has long been famous for his remedy for the cure of obesity. Those who suffer from this difficulty will, by sending sixpence to the above address, receive Mr. Russell's pamphlet, containing testimonials from a great number of persons who have been benefited by the treatment, as well as a recipe for it. It matters not what be the weather or season, those who are troubled suffer equally in hot weather and in cold; in summer they are over-burdened by their own weight, in winter bronchial ailments are set up through the least cold, as the air tubes are not free to act, as they would otherwise do, without the internal obstruction. Mr. Russell undertakes that persons under his treatment should lose one stone a month in weight, and that their health, strength, and activity should be regenerated."—*Young Ladies' Journal*, Aug. 12, 1892.



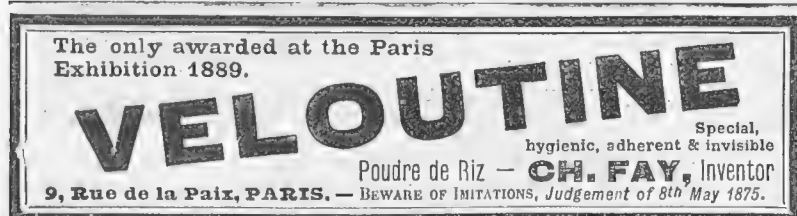
**ANOTHER SUCCESS!**  
OLD BUSHMILLS PURE MALT WHISKEY  
has just obtained the  
**ONLY MEDAL & HIGHEST AWARD**  
FOR IRISH WHISKEY  
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COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, CHICAGO, 1893.  
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"To breathe 'Sanitas' is to breathe Health."—GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.



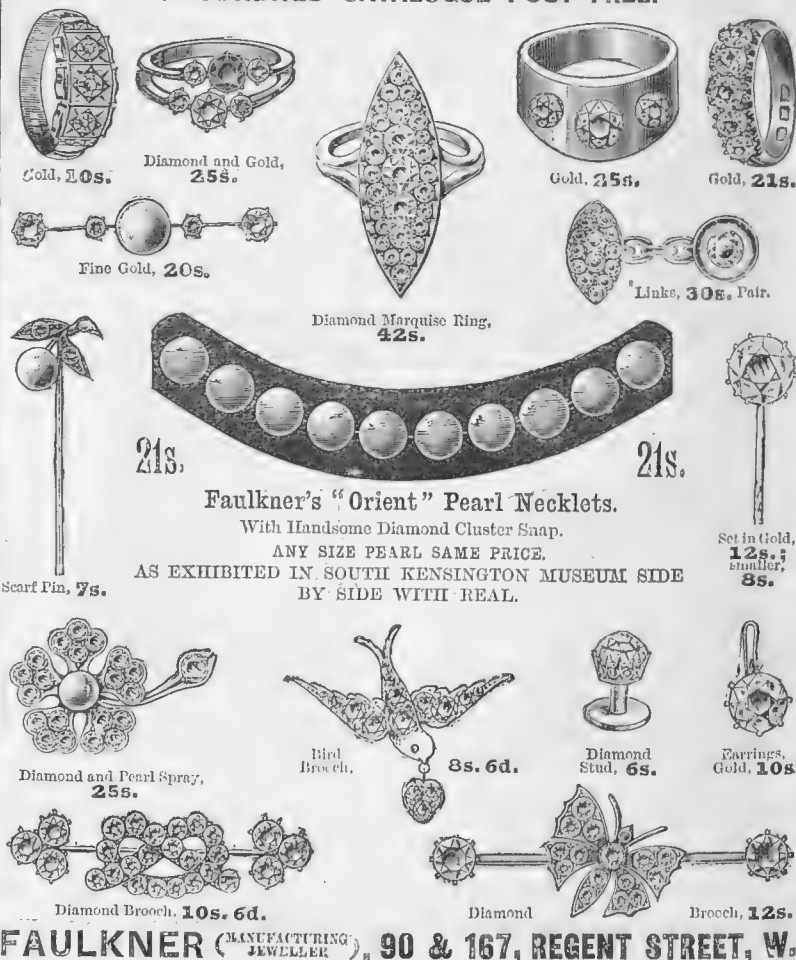
"Sanitas" Oil, 1s. Bottles; Pocket Inhalers, 1s. each. Fumigators, 3s. 6d. each.  
"Sanitas" Eucalyptus Disinfectors, 1s. each. "Sanitas" Eucalyptus Oil, 1s. Bottles.



## THE FAULKNER DIAMOND AND ORIENT PEARLS (Reg.)

AWARDED FIVE GOLD MEDALS.

THE FINEST STONES EVER PRODUCED. ALL SET IN REAL GOLD AND SILVER.  
(ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE POST FREE.)



FAULKNER (JEWELLER), 90 & 167, REGENT STREET, W.

THE ENGLAND v. WALES RUGBY FOOTBALL TEAMS.

*From Photographs by Messrs. Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.*

E. W. Taylor. C. A. Hooper. C. M. Wells. W. Chail (President Rugby Union). J. F. Byrne.  
W. E. Tucker. J. Hall. A. Allport.



T. Doolley. H. Bradshaw. J. Toothill. R. E. Lockwood. H. Speed. F. Seane.  
F. Birt. S. Murdell.  
ENGLAND.  
W. Watts. J. Conway-Rees. D. J. Daniel. A. F. Hill. C. B. Nichol. F. Mills. E. C. Graham.



A. W. Boucher. W. McCutcheon. A. J. Gould. P. Phillips. J. Hannon. W. J. Bancroft. N. Biggs.  
G. C. Parritt.  
WALES.

## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## FOOTBALL.

The English Rugby Fifteen to meet Ireland at Blackheath on Feb. 3 is man for man identical with the team which overcame Wales at Birkenhead by five goals to one try.

Nothing has been more noteworthy than the progress made by Devonshire in Rugby football during the present season. The forwards of this county play a strong, vigorous game, much after the style of the



C. HAWKING.

Photo by F. Kitto, Torquay.

Yorkshire scrummager. One of Devonshire's best forwards is Charlie Hawking, who is just twenty-five years of age, weighs nearly sixteen stone, and stands an inch over six feet in height. He was selected to play for the South team against the North, but Devonshire people will not be satisfied until he gains his International cap. In my opinion he is well worth it.

A victory so startling and overwhelming as England recently obtained over Wales is not always conducive of good results even to the winning side. For instance, let a team have a big win,

and no one thinks of pointing out the weak spots, which, of course, are very difficult to see. This is one of the dangers of success. Of course, it is very probable that the men who overcame Wales are quite good enough to beat Ireland with something in hand, but, admitting all this, it will hardly be contended that, without making one or two changes, the present English Fifteen will be good enough to defeat the Scotsmen on their native heath next March.

It has always been an unwritten but well-understood rule that the matches against Wales and Ireland were a sort of preliminary trials for the event of the year between Scotland and England. Now, had the selecting committee not been blinded by the success of England at Birkenhead, they would have made one or two changes for the Irish match, so that the men who are to meet Scotland would have an opportunity of playing together once, at least, before meeting our friends the enemy in Scotland.

At the risk of appearing ungracious, I feel bound to say that the English team could be strengthened in two or three respects. At three-quarter back, Hooper, a most graceful player, should give way to either Jackson or Saville. Among the forwards, Lohden is an infinitely better man than Tucker, and I fancy that Evershed could beat Hall at his own particular style of play. At the risk of writing myself down as a false prophet, I believe that the changes I have suggested will take place before the Scottish match. It would have been better had they taken place before the Irish fixture.

There is also a danger in failure. The Welsh authorities, appalled by the complete collapse of their three-quarter line, may rush to the other extreme and make changes throughout the whole team. If they are wise they will leave the forwards pretty much as they are: except for a weakness in tackling, they were not to blame for the Birkenhead disaster, and I doubt whether the selection can be better. Wales has few players to choose from, and the men who played at Birkenhead have the merit of knowing each other's play.

It is said that Sweet-Escott will probably supersede Percy Phillips at half-back. This, I think, would be a mistake. Escott is, undoubtedly, a great player, but I doubt whether he is superior to Phillips, and in any case there would be a lack of combination such as two club-mates like Parfitt and Phillips can usually bring off.

I am quite in favour of giving Elliott and Pearson a chance at three-quarter-back. As I have already pointed out, Norman Biggs has seen his day, and ceased to be a great player; while Elliott is certainly less selfish than the little, brilliant Oxford captain.

I must congratulate C. M. Wells on his magnificent play in the recent International. He was undoubtedly the best back on the ground, and so pleased were many of the critics with his play that they pronounced him the best back since Alan Rotherham.

A. J. Gould has played in twenty-one International matches, and it is said that this record has been beaten by W. E. McLagan, the Scottish back.

At last the idea of a county championship for Association clubs has taken root. At present only the southern counties—including Kent, Middlesex, Sussex, Surrey, Berks and Bucks, Essex and Herts—have pledged themselves to take part, but it is expected that the eastern and western counties will be ready to join in at the beginning of next season. The institution of this new championship is due to F. J. Wall, hon. secretary of the Middlesex Association.

Judging from the results of the recent Corinthian holiday tour, I am afraid the London amateurs are not quite so strong as they used to be. Out of ten matches played they won but four, one was drawn, and five lost. Their defeat by Linfield Athletic shows that Irish football is making rapid progress.

We have heard recently a good deal about the finances of the Corinthians, and, while it is perfectly clear that they do not receive any



compensation beyond their expenses, it must be owned that they are fairly liberally dealt with. For instance, one of Mr. Jackson's team has stated to an interviewer that each man is allowed a pound a day for expenses, although they rarely reach that amount. It must not, however, be inferred that if a Corinthian spends only ten shillings he pockets the balance; he does nothing of the kind. A sovereign is simply the maximum amount that they can spend.

It is pointed out, with perfect truth, that no professional club spends anything like an average of seven pounds a week for pay and expenses on any of their players, so that, while the Corinthian amateur does not receive any money for playing, he is actually a more expensive player than a professional.

A couple of important matches will be played to-day. A strong team representing London will meet Sussex at Leyton. If the Londoners turn up as selected, they ought to win with something in hand. The county match at Tunbridge Wells to-day between Surrey and Kent should also be an interesting affair. So far, Surrey has met with surprising success, and I have no doubt they will prove too strong for the men of Kent.

There are no changes of any importance to note in the League. Aston Villa still leads the way, with Burnley, Wolverhampton Wanderers, and Blackburn Rovers close up. It is now hardly possible that Sunderland can retain the championship. Newton Heath still lags behind at the bottom of the list.

## CRICKET.

In a private letter to a friend, George Lohmann, the Surrey cricketer, intimates that the Cape team visiting England will probably include a fast bowler who will give the Englishmen some trouble. The man in question is a Malay, and will be included in the team on the recommendation of Lohmann himself. George thinks that the visitors will be all at sea for some little time on our turf, as they have never had the opportunity of playing on anything but matting.

For the forthcoming meeting of cricketers at Lord's, Fred Gale, the "Old Buffer," propounds some nice little conundrums dealing with the question of the county championship. He asks on whose authority are counties called first and second class, and whether the qualification be money or cricket? Of course, the "Old Buffer" knows as well as anybody the answer to these questions, but the manner in which he puts them is very suggestive. His recommendation, which appears to be a good one, is that the M.C.C. should choose elevens from what are now called second-class counties, and let every county which plays three-day matches at Lord's have a "go" at the sacred nine and see what they can do. It is certainly very hard lines on counties like Derbyshire, Warwickshire, Leicestershire, and Essex to be deprived of the *kudos* and honour which gather round a county which may be first class only in name.

OLYMPIAN.

## NOTE.

The *Sketch* will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Buildings, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane.



HAS BEEN PRONOUNCED BY EXPERTS TO BE "THE CHOICEST PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND."

**DISCOVERY OF  
THE PROVERBIAL SCOTCHMAN  
SEATED THEREON.**

Dr. N— (*loquitur*). "Hilloa, Scotty! you here already, and all alone?"  
 "Ou' ay'. I've **J.R.D.** wi' me, and ye ken 'a goot man and a goot whisky is goot company.'"

**DUNDEE WHISKY**



"THERE IS NO BEVERAGE THAT CAN BE SO CONFIDENTLY RECOMMENDED FOR THE USE OF INVALIDS."—*Medical Annual, 1893.*

**"FRY'S"**

**PURE  
CONCENTRATED  
COCOA**

The illustration depicts a woman with a crown of flowers, wearing a dark dress with a voluminous fur collar and cuffs. She is seated at a round table, holding a small, ornate cup. On the table in front of her is a silver tray containing a bowl of fruit, a small pitcher, and a tin of Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa. The tin is labeled 'FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA 65 PRIZE MEDALS'. To the right of the tin are a pair of binoculars and a small object, possibly a key or a pen. The background is dark and textured.

PURCHASERS SHOULD ASK SPECIALLY FOR FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA, TO DISTINGUISH IT FROM OTHER VARIETIES MANUFACTURED BY THE FIRM.

## THE THIRTEEN CLUB.

The number simply rings in my ears, for I attended the dinner of the London Thirteen Club on Saturday evening. The subscription to the Club is 13s., the price of the dinner is 13 sixpences, it was served in



Room 13 at the Holborn Restaurant, on Jan. 13, and at 13 tables, with 13 guests at each, and yet I live to record it. We simply ran the gauntlet of superstitions, passing from the reception-room (where a looking-glass was smashed by the President, Mr. Harnett Blanch), underneath a ladder into the dining-hall. To the nervous man, the latter might have been an up-to-date Inferno. Ghostly cartoons lined the walls, one behind the Chairman announcing that "life would be enduring but for its superstitions." The salt-cellars were tiny plaster of Paris coffins, each bearing the quaint epitaph: "To the Memory of many Senseless Superstitions Killed by the London Thirteen Club, 1894." Life-size skulls decorated the tables with fairy lamps, skeletons in grotesque attitudes squatted on the tables among peacocks' feathers; every diner had a skeleton for his buttonhole, and most wore a green tie. Grace said—it was the quaint stanza, "Some hae meat and canna eat"—we fell to the excellent dinner, which consisted of such dishes as *Langue de Serpent*, *Jambon Sauce Diablotin*, set forth on a red menu card, designed by Lika Joko himself, who was attended by two cross-eyed waiters. Enter Mr. Hooper, undertaker, of Theobald's Road, in answer to a telegram asking him to come for orders to the club. Salt is dropped by every man, and a little looking-glass is smashed by everybody. Mr. Furniss gave or replied to three toasts in thirteen words each—

"Queen, Prince, and Princess of Wales, and the rest of the Royal Family."

"Enemies of Superstition, Ignorance, and Humbug, drink success to the London Thirteen Club." [Proposed with much wit in a 13-minutes' speech.]

"I thank you most heartily for the toast which you have proposed to-night." [In response to the "Health of the Chairman."]

Mr. Andrew Lang, who, like Mr. Wilde, has denounced the object of the club, was described by the Chairman as a gentleman who writes charmingly on every subject, and believes only in two—golf and folklore. And Mr. Furniss pointed out that the Home Rule Bill was introduced into the House of Commons on Sept. 13, and thrown out by the Lords on a Friday. Mr. Pratt, of the *Times*, who replied for the Press, said newspapers gave 13 to the dozen, and Mr. Murray Carson assured us that he married his wife on the 13th day of the month. "Arry," of *Punch*, wrote from a bed of sickness that he would drink "a glass of 13 port to the health of the Thirteen Club," and the actors occupying Dressing-room 13, and playing in the 13th opera at the Savoy Theatre, wired greetings. The night was enlivened by song, one gentleman telling of Tommy Atkins with his 13d. a day, and another giving a rollicking ditty, "The Superstitious Man" (price 13 pence), written by the enthusiastic President of the club, Mr. Blanch. Can you wonder that 13 rings in my ears?

J. M. B.

## NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, Jan. 13, 1894.

The Bank return has proved a strong one, and discounts remain at about 1½ per cent. for fine paper, while short loans have been obtainable at 1 per cent.

The stock markets have shown very little feature, and all departments have been dull since we last wrote to you. Gilt-edged securities, from Consols to Colonial Loans, are all in demand, and, indeed, the run on the latter class makes us fear that the lesson taught during the late crisis will be forgotten far too soon.

The bulk of Australian Government stocks are from 12 to 16 per cent. above the panic price, and the late Tasmanian Loan is now called 3½ premium, which is to be regretted, because it so distinctly encourages further borrowing at a time when it would have been far better from every point of view to discourage anything of the kind.

The operators in the Home Railway market are now all engaged in estimating dividends—a profitless way of wasting time—and the result of the various calculations does not seem to be encouraging. The real

question of interest is, not whether Midlands will get 3 per cent. or 3½ per cent. for the half-year, but whether the small bonâ-fide holders of the stock will begin to part with the securities which they have hitherto held on to with extraordinary tenacity. Signs are not wanting that the continued depression and the disappointing traffics are producing some effect, but it is essentially unsafe to predict the course of events until we see what the new year will do for the traffic returns. Little Chatham at 12½ look cheap, and we are inclined to say that they may be bought for a look-up at this, the lowest point they have ever touched, without much risk. The dividend on Brighton A stock has come out, as we anticipated, at 5½ per cent., and has resulted in the price rising to over 150; but as a counterpoise the Sheffield declaration is worse than any of us anticipated, leaving the last seven issues of preference stock without any distribution. How Sir Edward Watkin proposes to raise the necessary capital for his London extension it is not easy to understand.

American Rails have shown a downward tendency, which has been helped by the dull tone of Wall Street, while as for Grand Trunks there is so little life in the market that the sale of a few thousand stock completely disorganises the jobbers. If you are in a mood to gamble, and are not frightened by the name of "Receivership," you might do worse than pick up Atchison A bonds at about 33, or even the gold bonds at, say, 72. We advise you strongly to oppose, as a holder of Erie Seconds, the reorganisation scheme, which is a clever Yankee dodge to assess the European bondholder and save the native shareholder.

Among Foreign Government stocks, Spanish, under the influence of a powerful group of French financiers, have slightly improved, and are, for the security offered, at an absurd price. We hear from many private sources that the state of the country is very bad, and at any moment serious revolutionary movements may be expected. Italy goes from bad to worse, and the gold premium in the Argentine still casts a gloom over South American credit.

We expect that Mexican 6 per cent. bonds will improve before the issue of the new loan, and we would as soon buy this security and Argentine Funding Loan as anything in the International market yielding high interest.

You have not mentioned your Mexican Railway second preference stock for some weeks, dear Sir; but we presume you acted on our advice and sold while the rig was in full swing; if you did not, it is high time that you allowed some other enterprising person to have your holding at the present price. We see no reason for you to feel uneasy about your Nitrate Rails, which have ever since you bought them paid you extravagant interest, and the position of which to-day seems to us very encouraging. The 5 per cent. mortgage bonds are by no means a bad investment.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

## THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

Edited by SIR WILLIAM INGRAM, Bart., and CLEMENT K. SHORTER.

THE JANUARY NUMBER IS NOW READY.

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## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

If I am to be at all in touch with the majority of my readers, it seems to me that my discourse just now must necessarily be upon evening gowns, for everyone appears to have plunged with enthusiasm into the vortex of balls, dances, and other festivities, and, consequently, the burning question

of the hour is the fashion and the fabric of the gowns which shall be worn on these occasions. As to the fabric, its name, *par excellence*, is still moiré antique, and there are many who rejoice greatly thereat, knowing full well that there is not the slightest chance of its adoption by the multitude: the price makes that a pleasant certainty. Then, for the style, come with me to Jay's in Regent Street, and have a private view of some of the latest productions of the inventive genius of Mr. Hiley, who always seems positively inspired with brilliant ideas. These will give you a better notion than anything else of the latest modes.

I found myself envying—with an intensity which increased as I noted each additional charm—the

fortunate possessor of an exquisite gown of moiré antique, the pure whiteness of which was set off by draperies of lovely old yellowish lace, arranged at each side in two points reaching to the bottom of the skirt, which was bordered with sable. The bodice, which was just like the calyx of an unfolding flower, was cut in a most wonderful manner, which made the question of how the wearer gets into it a matter for grave and lengthy speculation. At the right side of the square-cut corsage one caught a glimpse of a band of the fur, while at the left there was a clever arrangement of lace continued into shoulder-straps, and caught here and there with large cut jet buttons, similar buttons finishing off the band of black satin which outlined the waist and terminated at the back in a butterfly bow. The sleeves were simply formed of a slightly outstanding frill of moiré antique, and underneath, just round the arm, was a little encircling twist of lace. The last note in the chord of colour was struck by a great yellow rose, which, with its attendant leaves and one half-opened bud, was placed at the left side of the corsage, having for background both the mellow tints of the lace and the dazzling whiteness of the silk.

Yet even the charms of this gown were in their turn eclipsed by another, which had a skirt of white moiré antique, arranged in great box pleats, one very large one forming the front, and two somewhat smaller ones being placed at the sides, each pleat being fastened just below the waist by a wheel-of-fortune button in brilliants. The bodice was of eau-de-Nil satin, draped in a way which positively baffles description, and finished off with touches of lace and fur, while in the centre of the corsage was placed a market bunch of violets in deep-hued velvet. Over the shoulders passed a band of fur and lace, from which festoons of cut jet beads fell over the drooping puffs of satin which formed the sleeves.

Now let me dazzle you with another equally lovely gown, which had a bodice of white satin studded with small cut jet cabochons, lines of fine jet embroidery passing across the back, and appearing again on the full sleeves, just where the puffing was caught up underneath. Over the left shoulder there was arranged a loose cluster of exquisite pink roses, one great, full-blown flower hanging over at the back, and black

satin ribbon was also introduced, in the shape of shoulder bows and waistband. The lady—a well-known society beauty, by-the-way—for whom this lovely bodice had been created had had two skirts made to wear with it: one of white moiré antique, festooned with black chiffon, caught up with jet buckles and headed by garlands of pink roses, and the other of plain white satin, edged with a thick ruche of chiffon, above which was a deep band of embroidery matching that on the bodice. How happy could I be with either—provided, of course, that I had the bodice also!

As we have had three white dresses, let us turn, for the sake of the variety which is always said to be charming, to one which had a perfectly plain, slightly trained skirt of black velvet, bordered with sable. The bodice was draped with net, which was a glittering mass of jet sequins and fringe, and a wonderfully effective touch of colour was supplied by the sleeve puffs, which were in turquoise-blue velvet, the lower part being of the sequined net.

Now it is, I think, full time that I told you about the two lovely gowns of which I secured sketches for you, in order that you might have some more tangible souvenir of your private view by proxy than mere description. The first one is black moiré, striped across with black satin, the waistband, of net, continued into long girdle ends in front, being sewn thickly with silver sequins and bordered with a glittering fringe of the same. The shoulder frills of chiffon, are also encrusted with this most effective trimming, and from beneath the puffings of chiffon which outline the corsage falls a V-shaped berthe of sequins, the prevailing idea being carried out again in the skirt, with its puffed bordering of sequined chiffon. With every movement of the wearer the whole dress scintillates with glistening light, and with such a gown as this one might be sure of making an effective entry into any room. But by no means must I forget the clever dash of colour which is introduced at the left side of the corsage in the shape of a bow and twists of cerise velvet, in which is entwined a spray of jasmine flowers.

The other dress is of black velvet, the skirt devoid of trimming, save for a band of sable which borders the edge; the bodice, arranged in fluted pleats, which are most becoming to the figure, is covered with an appliqué of creamy Venetian lace, satin of the same hue



forming a background for the waistband of finely cut jet. The sleeves are very quaint, trellis-work armlets of cut jet beads falling over the shoulders and outlining the shape of the arm, while from beneath them come three outstanding frills of black net, an arrangement which, though,

[Continued on page 669.]

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"Sir, - I have so many inquiries on the subject of this letter that it will greatly convenience me, and perhaps benefit many sufferers, if you permit me to say in a few words that I was almost beyond experience a martyr to gout for 25 years! I took Dr. Laville's medicine, which are simple and easy of application. I was cured completely, and after nine years' trial I can affirm that they are a perfect specific and an innocent and beneficial remedy. I have tried them on friends in like circumstances, and they never fail.  
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to my thinking, not quite so becoming, is, at any rate, a change from the usual puffs. A cluster of white gardenias and scarlet geraniums makes a brilliant spot of vivid colouring at the right side of the square-cut corsage, and these flowers, with their somewhat formal outlines, harmonise to perfection with the rich simplicity of the gown.

There, I think that the most insatiable seeker after evening gowns must be satisfied by now; but before I leave the Maison Jay I simply must tell you about an exquisite theatre bodice and a Casino gown, which had just been made for a lady who starts for Monte Carlo this week. The theatre bodice was of rose-pink accordion-pleated chiffon over white satin, with huge bishop's sleeves of the same delicate fabric; the yoke, of white satin, was covered with lovely pearl embroidery, and strings of pearls looped across here and there, while it was outlined with a kilting of white chiffon and *écru* lace. A waistband of white satin ribbon completed a most bewitching little garment. As for the dress, I feel that I cannot do it justice; you want to look at it and take in its beauties slowly. It was of dark blue serge, fur-bordered, the bodice made with short, full basques, tied round the waist with black *moiré* ribbon, a huge square bow of which was placed at the throat. The deep double collar and rounded revers were bordered with a narrow edging of green cloth, with an appliqué of creamy lace, and at intervals they were studded with medallions of the cloth and lace. The full sleeves and the *moiré* collar-band were edged with sable, and for further finish there was a cravat of lace. The dainty little erection which was to form the accompanying head-gear was composed of green velvet, pink roses, and black ostrich tips, the velvet forming a large square bow in the front, matching quaintly that at the throat, and the two black tips being placed erect at the back, one at each side, and encircled at the base by the loveliest pink roses. There was yet one more thing of beauty to be added to this perfect costume—a muff (lined with sable) of green velvet ribbon, arranged in numberless loops, and tied in the centre with a large bow of green glacé ribbon, shot with that exquisite tint known as ashes of roses, a few pansies—yellow, dark purple, and palest mauve—being carelessly—but, oh! how artistically—clustered together beside it.

Now I have got a little bit of information for you which, I think, you will say is well worth having, and which I should advise you to act upon at once. If you make your way speedily to 51, Conduit Street, you will have a chance of obtaining some of Madame Yorke's eminently *chic* hats, toques, and bonnets at the absurdly low price of 7s. 6d. and half-a-guinea each. You have often seen her millinery sketched and described in these pages, so I need hardly tell you again that it is the perfection of smartness and style, and delightfully original. Just think, therefore, what an opportunity this is of obtaining some, especially when you remember that they are all this season's stock, and that their ordinary prices ranged from thirty shillings to two guineas. In addition to these really marvellous bargains, all the French models are to be sold at half-price, for Madame Yorke never starts a new season with any old stock in hand—that is one of the secrets of her success. And when you go to 51, Conduit Street—as, if you are wise, you will do within the next twenty-four hours—those of you who are thinking of participating in a similar ceremony should try to get a peep at the hats which have been made for the bridesmaids at the Hon. Miss Leslie Melville's wedding. They have straight brims of black velvet and crowns of pink *moiré*, and they are trimmed with black jetted quills and bunches of violets. Don't you think they are well worth copying?

From gowns and millinery to chocolates is rather a long jump; but it is one which I made with the greatest pleasure and eagerness, turning for consolation and refreshment after a busy, but, in spite of envious thoughts, delightful morning to a rapidly disappearing souvenir of King Santa Claus in the shape of a box of those most delectable dainties, Fry's chocolates. Who does not know them and love them? They have been with us from our childhood's days upwards. And how well I can remember—can't you?—how love's first offering took the form of a minute box of chocolates, presented by the little boy, aged seven, who lived next door? The size of the box may have altered; but it is comical to note how the nature of the present remains the same, for men always fall back on chocolates as an acceptable gift to their lady-loves. And they are quite right—only let me give them, and you, too, for the matter of that, this piece of advice when you are buying chocolates: Be sure you get Fry's, then they are certain to be good.

While I am on this subject, I cannot help airing my views as to the great value, particularly during the winter months, of a morning cup of cocoa, especially when made with milk, for there is an immense amount of nourishment in it, and it is light and easy of digestion. If you want a specially nutritive beverage you should try Fry's "MalTED" Cocoa, a combination of pure cocoa extract with Allen and Hanbury's extract of malt: this is invaluable for invalids, growing children, or anyone with a weak digestion.

All those of you who like ingenious puzzles can, by mentioning this paper and sending a penny stamp to "Brooke's Soap," London, obtain on a stiff cardboard a copy of the clever "Monkey" puzzle and its solution. I daresay you noticed it in the advertisements last week and puzzled your head over it considerably, so it ought to be some satisfaction to you to see it worked out. Women should take a special interest in it, if only because it is connected with that famous soap which "will not wash clothes," but which will, and does, act like magic in a thousand other ways.

FLORENCE.

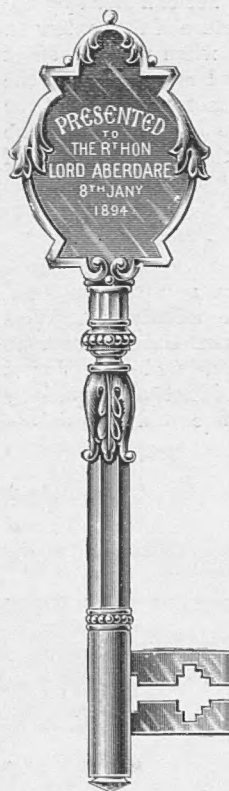
## THE FANCY DRESS BALL AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

Small masqueraders assembled in round numbers at the Mansion House festivities on the night of the 5th, notwithstanding the Siberian severities of snow-buried streets outside. That the pursuit of pleasure is not dependent on temperature to the juvenile constitution was very fully evidenced by the thronged occasion in question, and it was agreed on all sides that a more successful or more fully attended children's ball has not taken place within the memory of the oldest City veteran. It is always a part of the spectacle to see the little merry-makers arrive and be duly presented to the Lord and Lady Mayoress. Up they pass through a double row of grown-ups, till the climax of presentation is reached, and the ordeal of obeisance to their Civic Majesties duly performed. Then what a scurry into the ball-room, where the fun grows faster every moment, and the youthful mind is involved in the intricacies of the waltz or frolic of the barn-door dance, with added joys of marionette, juggler, Christy Minstrel, and what not besides. The Lord Mayor's small nephew, in a handsome suit of turquoise velvet, made a gallant "Boy Blue," and pretty Miss Dora Labouchere in her diaphanous pink draperies recalled her Shaksperian success as "Ariel." Captain Simonds's daughter looked her part of "Puritan Maid" to the life. Pretty Miss Barnby, in a white satin Empire gown, was very much admired, and a tiny "Rosebud," with gauzy skirts and a cap of moss jauntily set on her fluffy gold curls, looked as if she had been lent from a fairy rose-garden for the evening. Major and Mrs. Roper Pakington brought their handsome daughter Irene, who figured as "War," in all the glory of golden helmet and well-displayed Union Jack. Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Caldicott's little girl made a notably successful "Jap" in a beautifully embroidered "kimono," which had been lent by Sir Edwin Arnold. Miss Daisy Fuller appeared in a "correct copy" of the "Princess Elizabeth's Court gown," and little Miss Nora Hands, in green cloth covered with red and white balls, upheld the merry traditions of a "Billiard Table." Master Gosnell had a most striking costume as a "Red Indian." Mrs. Duncombe's pretty charge wore one of the most beautiful costumes in the room as a "Daughter of the Doges." A smart youth in the uniform of the Bengal Cavalry made an excellent embryo soldier. Alderman Treloar's son affected naval honours, and personated an "Admiral" very gallantly. Three "Lifeboat Men" were not too encumbered by their cork appendages to foot it very merrily. "Two Magpies" kept together in the spirit of the legend which gives warning of one for sorrow, two for joy. "Robinson Crusoe" was well bestowed in brown bearskin. A dainty "Spider Web" was much in request with small admirers. A "Slate Pencil," very cleverly carried out by means of wide fringes of the pencils over slate-coloured silk, was original, and a small "Bottle of Port" wore a very "fruity" nose.

### LORD ABERDARE AT MERTHYR TYDFIL.

The South Wales and Monmouthshire Truant Schools were opened by the Right Hon. Lord Aberdare last week. The Committee marked the occasion by presenting his Lordship with a very handsome, massive 18-carat gold key, and entrusted the order to Mr. J. W. Benson, of Ludgate Hill and Old Bond Street, W. It has a richly chased scroll head, with fluted pillar, and bears the following inscription: "Presented by the Committee to the Right Hon. Lord Aberdare, G.C.B., on his opening the South Wales and Monmouthshire Truant Schools, Jan. 8, 1894." Alderman Thomas Williams, J.P., Chairman of the Merthyr School Board, who was really the original promoter of the movement, and Chairman of the General Committee, made the presentation. Altogether, Wales is making great headway in education, and Lord Aberdare justifies the epithet applied to him by Mr. Rathbone, M.P., as "the Father of Welsh Education." In reply to the deputation, headed by Mr. Rathbone, from the Executive Committee of the Welsh University Conference, which waited on him on Thursday, Mr. Acland spoke many words of encouragement. He expressed the hope that part of the work of the new University would be to further the study of Welsh literature and the Welsh language—studies which had hitherto been largely forwarded by the private subscriptions of generous men. Both in connection with the national literature and all the higher studies, the impetus which the University could give would be welcomed by all interested in education in Wales. In relation to intermediate education, with which he had had the opportunity of being so closely connected, he need hardly say that the hopes of all of them were centred in the belief that the University would help them in its development.

Miss Esther Phillips made a most promising appearance as a dramatic reciter at the Steinway Hall last week. She has a good style and a pleasant voice.





## PARLIAMENT.

BY "A RASH RADICAL."

The Parish Councils Bill has passed, so far as the House of Commons is concerned; and this terrible session, the most arduous, the most protracted, and the most fiercely contested within the memory of living man, has at last come to an end. No one can be quite sure what will happen to the Bill when it reaches the House of Lords. Curiously enough, it has been brought to its practical conclusion by a compromise between two parties whose attitude for nineteen-twentieths of the Parliamentary year has been absolutely irreconcilable. The battle, indeed, has been very severe. For the first time in my experience the war on the green benches has keenly affected the social relations of members of both parties. A new House is usually pugnacious, and the Opposition tactics developed a personal bitterness, of which the outward sign was the encounter on the floor of the House. Since then there has, no doubt, been a certain ameliorative process going on, to which Mr. Balfour, himself the flower and pink of courtesy, has in some measure contributed. And I must say things have gone perceptibly better in Mr. Chamberlain's absence. It is astonishing what a purely negative influence the Member for West Birmingham possesses. He is a remarkable critic, but he touches nothing that he does not exacerbate; a certain waft of perversity goes out from that man and communicates itself in subtle, æsthetic ways to the rest of the House. Meanwhile, the fight is transferred from the green to the red benches, from the Commons to the Lords. I have no doubt that, in spite of the compromise, now minimised by Mr. Balfour's unwise concession to the clamours of his own party, the Lords will seriously impair the soundness of the Bill. I should predict that they will cut down the popular control of charities to practically nothing, that they will further fetter the Allotments Clause, and that they will force the cottager to pay his rates directly—in my opinion, and in the opinion, I know, of several members of the Government, a most deadly blow at the popularity and workability of the Bill.

## GOOD OLD PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION.

We wound up the debate on Parish Councils with a lecture from Dr. Pangloss—I beg pardon, Dr. Courtney, on his favourite science of proportional representation. Mr. Courtney brought out his old scheme for allowing an elector to Parish Councils to vote for one candidate only, marking the figures 2 and 3 for the candidates he next prefers. The method of working out the electoral results he showed in a schedule so worded as, with true Courtnean wisdom, to have puzzled four out of five village returning officers. I believe that Mr. John Morley once expressed the extraordinary opinion that Mr. Courtney was the greatest living Englishman. He is certainly a very amiable and honest, though exceedingly prejudiced and narrow-minded man. But for all his moral weight there is no man in the House of Commons who less palpably influences the course of politics. His speeches are tiresome lectures, delivered with an ineffable air of mental superiority, not in the least degree warranted by Mr. Courtney's actual attainments. The whole set of these speeches is old-fashioned, intricate, clumsy, and their effect is not enhanced by the thick, sloppy elocution and the formal academic structure of the sentences. The whole thing is all the more absurd, because when the big effort was made some years ago in favour of proportional representation the Proportionists could not, after all their elaborate demonstrations, get the House of Commons to understand it. And yet here is a statesman who actually proposes to extend such a method to the simplest kind of working man beginning a new experiment in Local Government.

## FEATHERSTONE ONCE MORE.

The Featherstone tragedy has reappeared on the floor of the House of Commons for the last time, in a quiet, sober, non-partisan talk, conducted almost entirely by the Liberal and, especially, the West Riding members. The Tories seemed to have nothing whatever to say to it, Mr. Balfour not offering to speak, and Sir James Fergusson only jerking out a single sentence of not an especially intelligible kind as the clock struck half-past five and the debate ended. The two features of the discussion were the speeches of Mr. Burns and Mr. Asquith. Mr. Burns is always listened to with the greatest attention, and his speeches always deserve this tribute. He is already a great force in the House, but if he wants to become a great Parliamentary orator, as he very easily may do, he will have to pay a little more attention to the form of his sentences. The merit of the speech was its great pluck and good sense. He told some plain truths both to the working man and to the capitalist, saying exactly what he thought with utter freedom from reserve, and saying it in a voice which could almost be heard in the lobbies. Mr. Asquith's reply was listened to with almost breathless attention. A great deal depended upon it from his own point of view, for his earlier references to Featherstone irritated the Radicals, and a little bit veiled his rising star. His speech was quite satisfactory, perfect in tone, in phrasing, and in argument. As he delivered it, the Tories must have sighed to think of the contrast between him and Mr. Matthews, who hardly ever opened his lips during his term of office without creating friction and damaging his party. Mr. Asquith comes out of his first year of office almost overwhelmed with laurels. That he will one day be leader of his party in the House of Commons I make no manner of doubt. He has now more weight and authority than I think any other member of the Government in the Lower House, save Mr. Gladstone himself.

## PARLIAMENT.

BY "A CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

I cannot pass from the Parish Councils Bill without pointing out as plainly as I can what this compromising of the Bill through the House of Commons means. I had occasion last week to make some not too strong remarks on its probable bad influence (if the Bill, with its urban Poor Law clauses, passes unamended) upon London Conservatism. But there is more in it than that. The Bill which has now been scuffled through is a great deal more than a Parish Councils Bill. Conservatives were ready to assent to the setting up of new Local Government machinery; but from time to time the Bill has been shown to be, now a sort of Women's Suffrage Bill, now a Poor Law Amendment Bill, now a Compulsory Hiring of Land Bill, now a Disendowment of the Church Bill; and the one thing certain is that all these various Bills have passed the Commons, owing to the House being thoroughly tired and sick of discussing them all in a lump. We shall have to pay for this some day. It will have a vital, or, indeed, more likely, a mortal effect on our Parliamentary Government. The coercion tactics on the Home Rule Bill, which passed the House of Commons solely by the "gag," were bad signs enough. But the Home Rule Bill was defeated in the Lords; it was never expected, nay, never meant, to pass. The Lords have no such mandate now to reject this Parish-Councils-cum-Democratic-Extras Bill. Yet from the point of view of the country and of Parliament the compromising has had just the same effect as the gagging. The Bill has gone through undiscussed, and without any real attention to it on the part of the electorate. Both compromise and closure are the results of working politics by small majorities. It looks as if no important Bill could get through now without one or other, and the result will be that legislation will be systematically scamped and the public cheated until we wake up to find that this way of legislating is disastrous. The revelations of the last year are in this way the more important, because, as Mr. Balfour pointed out eighteen months ago, we seem now to be in for small-majority Governments. If we had a dissolution now, I feel sure that the result would be a smaller majority for whichever side won, even than that which now keeps Mr. Gladstone in power.

## A CONTINUOUS SESSION.

It looks as if this session would end and next session begin with only an interval of a day. The Commons will have their little holiday, while the Lords discuss the Parish Councils Bill, till Feb. 12; then they will come back to discuss the Lords' amendments and the remainder of the Scotch Fisheries Bill, left over from Wednesday last; and the probability is that the session of 1894 will open the day after the prorogation of the session of 1893. The weariness of this session sat lightly enough on the brows of the Scotch members to allow them to quite run round poor Sir George Trevelyan with their objections and amendments on the Scotch Fisheries Bill. They are not exactly pleased by his insisting on adjourning the discussion to Monday, Feb. 12. Mr. Anstruther warmly protested against a Monday, which meant travelling up to town on Saturday. It was left thus to a Conservative Scotchman to plead for the Sabbath. The Gladstonians were angry, on the other hand, because even on the adjourned date Sir George will not extend the scope of the Bill, after once assuring Sir Herbert Maxwell and others that it was "non-contentious."

## THE BOOKMAKER'S SMILE.

The debate on the Featherstone report was short and businesslike. Mr. Asquith has vindicated the law, and so have the Commissioners. We can none of us object at all strongly against some compassion being shown now, in the form of a small grant from the Treasury, to the families of the two men who were killed, and who happened to have been mere onlookers, and only guilty of being within fire when they had had notice to be off. A little viciousness was imported into the debate by Mr. Burns, in his denunciation of the magistrates for letting the police go to Doncaster Races. Mr. Burns was led into denouncing not only the magistrates, but the racing, and he hit out at Mr. Darling, who laughed at his passionate invective, by telling him that this was not a matter to be dismissed with a "bookmaker's smile." Mr. Burns knows very well that it is the love for Doncaster Races, and the love of sport rather than of trades unions generally on the part of the working man in the rural districts, which is one of his greatest difficulties in rousing Labour, and, as a Radical, he is probably quite ready to vote against horse-racing or deer-hunting if he could only put them down by Act of Parliament. It is, indeed, curious how important the sporting element is in some districts. I was lately in the Forest of Dean, and, much to my amazement, I was told that Sir Charles Dilke was rapidly becoming quite unpopular with the miners. Why? Not because of his politics, but because he didn't subscribe as much as they wanted to the miners' football clubs!

## WELL DONE, HORNCastle!

The result of the Horncastle election cannot help having some influence on the way the House of Lords will treat the Parish Councils Bill. No Tory candidate could expect to step quite into Mr. Stanhope's shoes, and the other Lincolnshire constituencies have shown a most discouraging tendency towards Radicalism in recent elections. Lord Willoughby's success is, therefore, doubly successful. For my own part, as a believer in the party system, I am glad to see the defeat of a demi-semi-Gladstonian like Mr. Torr, whose independent opinions during election time would soon have given way to Gladstonian party discipline.